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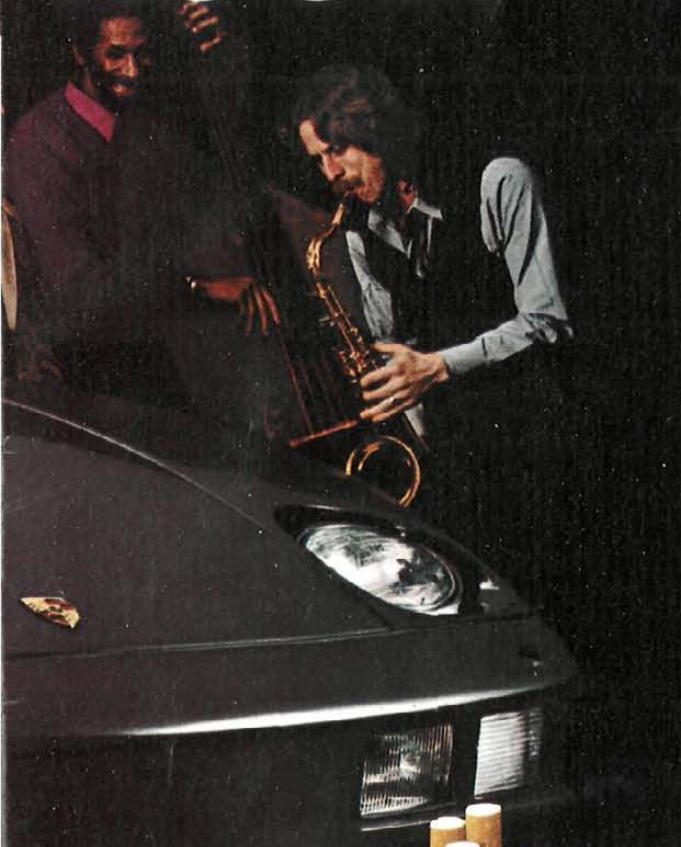
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**There's only one way to play it.**

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# Rapid transit for a token.

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# editorail

**I** JUST SAT THROUGH TWO—COUNT em, two—screenings of *National Lampoon's Vacation*, and it's GREAT!

Let me set the scene for you: there were *NatLamp* honchos Len Mogel, Matty Simmons, and Myself. The private screening room is beautifully decorated—the seats are of the finest aerospace design, the screen of the latest high-speed-weave cinema technology, the sound system absolutely perfect. A handful of Warner Brothers executives joined us for a buffet of wieners on a stick, puff pastries, and keg beer, which put us all in just the right mood. Finally, Matty gave the nod, the lights darkened, and things really started to roll.

Like I said, it was GREAT! When the lights came back on, I was overcome with elation. Ebullient. I penned a glowing ode right there on the polished mahogany desk built into my aerospace-design chair. Before you could say "*National Lampoon Goes to the Movies*," I grabbed the bear suit next to me, put it on, and danced my way into the hearts of all those high-level showbiz honchos. When I was done, they were out of their skulls with laughter, and asking for another showing of the

GREAT! *National Lampoon's Vacation*.

Hell, I feel like getting up and singing that song right now. Care to join me? The lyrics, and the special Laughter Bear dance, are reproduced here. Call me crazy, call me nuts, but remember...I'm L. Dennis Plunkett.

## The National Lampoon's Vacation Sneak-Preview Screening Song

*Chorus:*  
*Vacation, Vacation.*  
A funny film, it's true!  
You'll be a crazy Laughter Bear  
At a screening just for you.



Chevy Chase's crazy pratfalls  
Will put you on the floor  
From the minute you walk  
through  
Your private-screening-room  
door.

(CHORUS)

Beverly D'Angelo is Chevy's  
Nutty, busty wife.  
If laughter's the best  
medicine,  
She'll bring dead guys back  
to life.



(CHORUS)



Imogene Coca plays the  
Crabby, withered aunt.  
She'd drive a cuckoo cocoa-  
nuts.  
You'll pee right in your  
pants.

(CHORUS)

Producer Matty Simmons  
Has finally come through.  
That's why we'll pay your  
taxi fare  
To a screening just for you.



(CHORUS)

Do not steal these lyrics,  
And let me tell you why.  
They're the copyright of  
Matty Simmons.  
Nineteen eighty-three. BMI.

**Cover:** Photographer James Wojcik found her a joy to work with. So why so few assignments for model Debby Elliott? "Prejudice, pure and simple," huffs our diminutive (0'8") cover girl, lolling atop an overturned shot glass on my desk. "If you're not over 5'6" they just write you off in this game. Guess life isn't always fair." Tell it to makeup man Gary Gale. "Now for her eyelashes. Jeez, can I bill a bit extra on this job?" After what he saved on materials?!—M.G.

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# Score with values from Monte Alban Mezcal

MVPs score with these MVBs!  
(Most Valuable Bargains)

## Monte Alban Jersey, only \$7.95! (above)

Be a sure winner in an authentic Monte Alban baseball jersey with 3/4 length sleeves and button-down neckline for extra style. It comes in white with yellow trim, is made of 50% cotton, 50% polyester for extra comfort—and durability. Perfect for baseball. Or any game you want to play.

## Monte Alban Worm Hat, only \$6.95! (above)

For high-scoring Monte Alban fans everywhere, this one-size-fits-all baseball cap has adjustable head size, comes in black with yellow. Best of all, the mighty Monte Alban Worm is perched on top to show the world you're a winner.

## Monte Alban Bat & Ball, only \$3.95! (above)

Baseball's the National Pastime, so play it our way with this ultra-light-weight but ultra-durable bat and ball set of tough polystyrene. Bat is black, handle wrapped with heavy-duty white tape for better gripping and sports the famous Monte Alban Worm. Ball is Monte Alban yellow for good visibility.



## Monte Alban Cooler, only \$15.95!

Heat up your get-togethers with this cool deal! A real value for the money, this big, sturdy polystyrene cooler in fire engine red with white top measures 19-1/4" x 12-3/4" x 14". And that's big enough to keep a whole party's worth of Monte Alban Mezcal on ice!

### Score with these values!

- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ coolers at \$15.95 each.
- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ jerseys at \$7.95 each.  
Jersey Size: ( ) Small ( ) Medium  
( ) Large ( ) Extra Large
- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ hats at \$6.95 each.  
(One size fits all)
- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ bat and ball sets at \$3.95 each.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order only. No cash or stamps.

To: Monte Alban Mezcal Baseball Offer,  
P.O. Box 2418, Dept. NL,  
Chicago, IL 60690.



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**LETTERS**  
38/9

**S**IRS: BOY, YOU CITY FOLKS sure know your plays! The road-show production of that *Whose Life Is It, Anyway?* just came to the Knoxville Civic Center and, oh boy, it sure was moving! It moved all over the place! That Charlie Callas feller is a nut! One scene he says, "It's a miracle, I can walk," and he gets outta bed and starts wobblin' all over the place like his legs are made out of rubber! I nearly busted a gut. Then another time he pulls up the sheets and says, "Oh my God. Not only am I a quadriplegic, but I've turned into Paul Williams," and I don't know how he did it, but all of a sudden he was three feet tall! When they say that Broadway is the entertainment capital of the world, they ain't kidding!

Bobby Joe Overalls  
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs:

Here's a tip for you guys who haven't been having any luck lately in singles bars. Try to pick up pregnant women. Their husbands don't want anything to do with them, other guys avoid them, and they're just dying for some good old-fashioned loving. So if you're even a little sincere, you're in.

Eric Weber  
East Sixty-third Street

Sirs:

Although the Nobel Prize committee picks the official winners, wouldn't you love to know who the people's choices are? You can, tonight, when Channel 7 presents "Your Choice for the Nobel Prizes," in which viewers pick their favorites in such fields as Economics, Literature, and Physics. Don't miss it.

Program Director  
Channel 7

Sirs:

I have what is popularly known as a Vision for America. I'm going to keep it quiet this time. If I told you, you'd just ruin it, the way you ruined those other—yes, I'll dare to call them—dreams. But here's a hint: we're going to need a sheet

of wax paper big enough to cover Lake Erie (and keep it safe from freezer burn), and when we're done the B-1 bomber will be totally obsolete, but not for the reason you think.

W.S. Otis  
Drugged Ape, Ky.

Sirs:

Taxi! Taxi!...What? I can't get a taxi here? This is the "Letters from the Editors" column? Christ, I'm so fucking embarrassed. Please don't tell anyone about this, okay? Good, I'll just go over to the "Foto Funnies" page and try there....

J. Archibald Handjob

Sirs:

As a charter member and past president of the Adhesion Society, I'm something of an authority on sticking to things. Right now, for instance, I'm glued to my chair with a powerful polyurethane bonding agent. My clothes were securely moored to my body with an air-drying neoprene adhesive that is primarily used in the manufacture of retreaded tires, and my shoes are affixed to the floor with a liquid plasticizer of my own invention.

You won't find *me* listlessly floating around unattached in the upper atmosphere, like *some people I could name*.

Oscar Ingraham  
Birmingham, U.K.

Sirs:

I am a cloud. I'd just like to say that when all you idiots look up and say I resemble the side of a cat's head or a

tennis racket, I look down and say you resemble English muffins, or a paintbrush. So fuck you.

A Cloud  
Above your head

Sirs:

I took the family to see that Old Faithful thing erupt out at Yellowstone Park. You know, the thing that's supposed to go off every eighteen minutes. Well, we got there and we all stood around and waited, but the darn thing wouldn't go off. At the suggestion of the missus I climbed over the guardrails to get a closer look. Well, as I was bending over to get a look down the blowhole, WHOOSH! I get three million gallons of hot-springs water flying up my nose. I nearly had a heart attack. Anyway, I was wondering who I should complain to—the Yellowstone people, who should build their guardrails higher, or the hardware store that sold me the wristwatch, which was ten minutes fast.

Al Moss  
Two miles west of Moronville

Sirs:

Remember that newspaper spoof *Off the Wall Street Journal*? Well, that was so popular that I decided to market my own parody of that parody and call it *Not Off the Wall Street Journal*. It was actually just an old copy of the *Wall Street Journal* but with a two-dollar cover price. Sounds pretty stupid, huh? I sold half a million of them last week.

Ken Ferris  
Bristol, R.I.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)







If you thought  
the night before  
was funny,  
wait till you see  
the next day.

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*The Next Day*

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Technics Computer-Drive New Class A Receivers. For today, for tomorrow. Hear them for yourself.

**Technics**  
The science of sound

"General Alexander Meigs Haig, Jr., just when are you going to run for president?" My answer is a simple one. I don't think it would be fair to the president we have now for me to run while he is still in office. He was elected for four years, and despite the shame, disgust, and regret of the American people for the terrible mistake they made in electing this man and the enormous growing groundswell of my popularity, I think I should wait at least until the next election.

Let me tell you, the Dow Jones average would have to sink well below 950 before I would even begin to contemplate seizing the reins of power, declaring martial law, working out a feasible emergency powers act, and acceding to the will of the overwhelming majority of the people in naming myself Supremo-for-life.

Incidentally, those of you readers with reasoning abilities anywhere

beyond those of hand-held calculators will know that it is necessary for a man to be named Supremo-for-life. For example, pick any Spic nation—say, Taco Rico. Now, the goddamn Supremos down there are always grabbing the reins of government or the joystick of authority or the paddle controls of the revenue and taxation bureau like a bunch of fat kids fighting over a bag of M&M's in the back of a bus. Naturally, we could never allow such Iberian behavior in our great nation, so if—and I'm only saying if—it becomes necessary for me to snatch power I will do everything possible to ensure a similar event can never again occur, even if it means blowing a few national-security advisers and so forth out the torpedo tubes to fool the enemy and my wife.

Leaving the preservation of democracy aside for the moment, let me now address the topic of my campaign fund or, if necessary, my coup d'etat fund.

Contributions have not been coming in at the rate I expected, even with the employee contributions by checkoff from our defense contractors. Can it be that the people of the United States wish me to run for president in cheap shiny-elbowed suits? Do the American people really want their future leader to spend fifteen minutes punching codes into a little MCI code box every time he wants to make a long-distance call? Does this mighty democracy want its Supremo-to-be wasting valuable thinking time arguing with Mrs. Daugherty from Visa Card about how much he may or may not be over his credit limit this month? I have gone to the people, and the people have said, "No." The American people (and as a general who has sent them to be killed in battle I think I know the American people better than you), the American people want to be able to say to Frogs and Spics and Russkies, "Our Supremo could buy and sell your Supremo twenty times over." Or "Our Supremo has a solid-gold cabochon-encrusted Rolex watch, waterproof to six hundred feet, what kind of watch does your Supremo have?" Imagine the effect it will have on the morale of our people when they see me riding through the slums of Bombay scattering expensive pecan-loaded fruitcakes from Corsicana, Texas, amongst the starvelings of the Indian slums. What a crushing blow, too, to the pride of that left-leaning land's governing grandmother.

Well, I think I've spelled things out in sufficiently large block letters for even dairy animals to get a sense of my meaning, but in closing I would like to remind you to send money or any spare thoughts you may have to me at the Hudson Institute. I also need some black shoe polish.

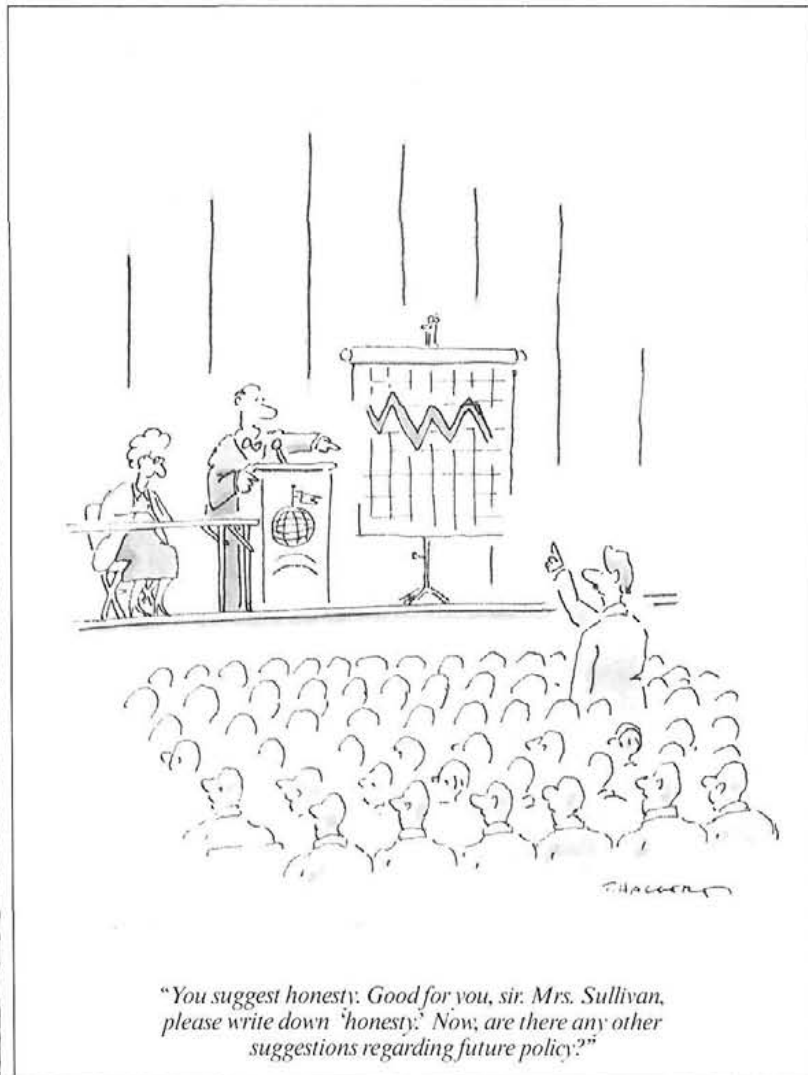
General Alexander Meigs Haig, Jr.  
Hudson Institute  
Quaker Ridge Road  
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Dear General: I sure hope you are our nation's next Supremo. I have enclosed

- money
- some thoughts
- black shoe polish

to help you with your efforts. I understand this is illegal.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



"You suggest honesty. Good for you, sir. Mrs. Sullivan, please write down 'honesty.' Now, are there any other suggestions regarding future policy?"





Seagram's V.O. It's everything you never expected. A drink that's unexpectedly smooth. Surprisingly light. Mixed or straight, you'll taste the difference. Just be as smart about how you drink as you are about what you drink. Then taste V.O. And toast all the others goodbye.

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*Break away from the ordinary. Try the drink that leaves the rest behind.*

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The definitive, alphabetical survey of who's who and what's what, Canadian culture-wise.

# *The Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Literature (Part 7)*

BY SEAN KELLY, TED MANN,  
AND BRIAN SHEIN

**H**ERE, TO WARM THE FROSTY cockles of hearts north of the indefensible Forty-ninth Parallel, is another installment of the instructive and delightful encyclopedia of Can. Lit.—in this case, dealing with authors and authoresses ranked toward the end of the alphabet.

The compilers claim that there's lots more where this came from, and the editors of this journal will give them space to publish same, on condition that someone—anyone—anytime, anywhere, indicates that he or she is reading this stuff. Meanwhile, the Great Canadian Ice Pipeline Debate will resume next issue.

**Moodie, Susanna (1803–1885)** This English gentlewoman, an unwilling pioneer in the backwoods of Canada, was the author of *Roughing It in the Bush*, a sort of Canadian *Book of the Dead* that describes the hazards attending the emigration of a genteel soul on its trip across the great cod-filled waters and its trial by the angry deities of mud, mosquitoes, and unmannered bog-Irish settlers, before being reborn as a Torontonians. Of interest chiefly to dead English gentlewomen. 🐾

**Moore, Brian (1921– )** Another tourist-elevated-to-the-status-of-native (see *Lowry*; *Service*; *Yevtushenko*, etc.), this

ex-Mick paused briefly in Canada on his way south to the Big Bucks (like many a bold Fenian before him).

His early drug fantasies (*The Lonely Something-or-Other of Judith Hearne*, et al) culminated in the unfortunate *I Am Mary Dunne*, and a costly Swedish operation soon thereafter transformed yer man Brian into a Lord-knows-what! (See *Munro*, *Alice*.)

Still deeply concerned with all things Canuck, Moore will occasionally return to explain things (like FLQ uprisings) to the natives. 🐾 🐾 🐾

**Pratt, Edwin John (1883–1964)** Roaring out of late-Victorian Newfoundland to mid-Victorian Toronto came the feisty young bard, whose first published work, *Studies in Pauline Eschatology*, did not rhyme.

Disappointed in its sales, "Ned" turned from theology to psychology, and after a couple of years as a staff shrink at the U. of T. began to write long poems about sea monsters.

Like many of his generation, he was strongly influenced by T. S. Eliot, and began signing his work "E. J." Pratt. (See also *A. J. M. Smith*, *F. R. Scott*, *A. M. Klein*, *P. K. Page*, etc.)

In *Newfoundland Verse* (1923), he described the courage and hardship of the fisherman's life. Broadening his theme in *The Titans* (1926), he dealt with courage and hardship in the lives of both fishermen and whales.

In 1943, soon after the successful Allied invasion of North Africa, Pratt penned some daring anti-Nazi satire. Fascinated all his life by the theme of disaster, he wrote moving verse epics about the *Titanic*, *Dunkirk*, the Jesuit missions, and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

E.J.P. seems, at first glance, to be that mythical (if not oxymoronic or downright self-contradictory) beast, the Great Canadian Poet. But remember—Newfoundland did not join Confederation until sixty-seven years after his nativity. 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾

**Purdy, "Al" ("Call Me Al") (1918– )** "Al" early acquired his nickname by phoning Canadian booksellers late into the night and crying, "Al sign anything if you can sell it!"

Purdy's most memorable poem has been forgotten, but his name and he live on, and even after they have been forgotten, the alphabet of which his poems were composed will be remembered.

For now, his poems, taken en masse, leave upon the reader the indelible gestalt of a bald man of average stature. (See also *Livesay*; *Dorothy*;) 🐾

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)



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**Roberts, Sir Charles G.D. (1860–1943)** As everyone knows (or else should know), Sir Charles Gordon Douglas Roberts ("Sir" to his friends) was the father of Canadian literature. Just as Susanna Moodie (whom see) was its mother. The two never married.

So preeminent and ancient a figure was Sir Charles to become, it was later believed that Confederation itself was an event held to celebrate the spunky Fredericton lad's seventh birthday.

Upon graduating from the University of New Brunswick (an institution he himself had helped to found), "Sir" dashed off several slim volumes of nature poetry, remarkable still for their precocious ponderousness. He then completed his monumental *History of Canada* and left the country.

He removed first to New York City, where he and his expatriate kinsman Bliss Carman (whom see) got up to some sedate shenanigans, and thence to London, where he remained for the rest of his sexually active life. All the while, he continued to publish tomes of uplifting landscape poetry and edifying prose fictions concerning the behavior of fauna.

At the age of sixty-five, he returned in triumph to Toronto. There he wrote his most celebrated poem, which captured in both form and pace its subject mat-

ter—an iceberg. During the course of a protracted and public senility, he was knighted, and eventually died. 🐾 🐾

**Scott, Duncan Campbell (1862–1947)** As a youth, this poet found secure employment as a copying clerk for the Department of Indian Affairs and stayed with that department for the next fifty years, occasionally winning promotions by attrition. To judge from photographic evidence, Scott spent much of that time at his desk, his right hand draped over an open book, his left hand supporting his head as he gazed pensively into the middle distance. As a government official, he ensured that his native charges always got a fair shake, usually by the scruff of the neck. By doing his Christian and civic duty to ensure the rapid decline of native culture in Canada, he conveniently provided himself with sunset-tinged images of the "tragic savage" to enrich his bland versifying, while at the same time enriching his private collection with filched Indian art, now worth a bundle. 🐾

**Service, Robert W. (1874–1958)** Service's stature as a Canadian poet is comparable to Malcolm Lowry's as a Canadian novelist. (Never you mind that parish birth register back in England; the fellow *lived* here, didn't he?)

Service remains more popular than any poet, Canadian or otherwise, deserves to be, especially given his predilection for rhymes and meters the rest of the race evolved beyond in Neolithic days. Nor could he deny having Kiplid.

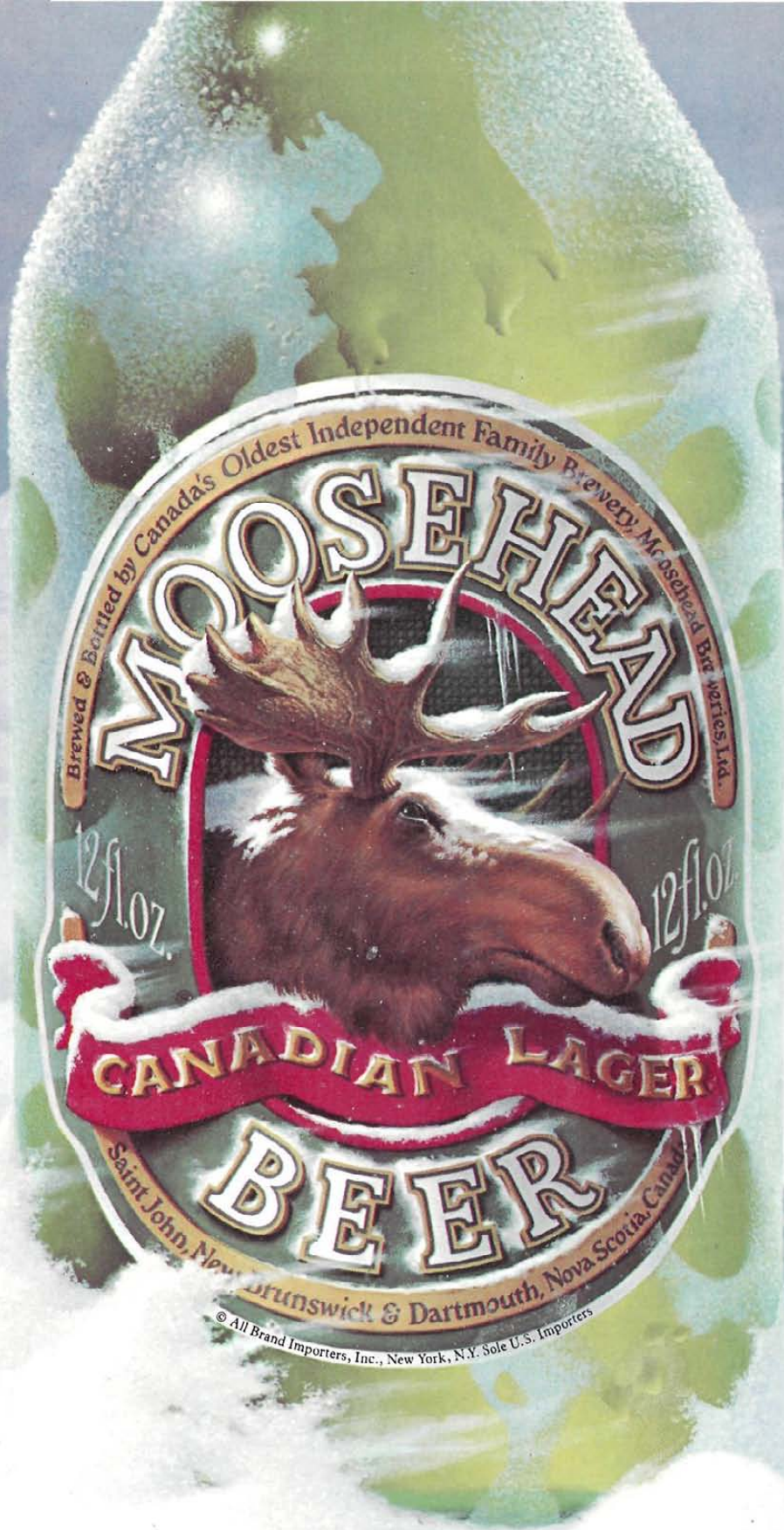
Were it not that rumors concerning his "straight" sexual orientation still have some currency, Service's banal and bloodthirsty verse would doubtless be declaimed by down-at-heels Stratfordians in one-man shows touring the nation's high school gyms. 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾

**Symons, Scott (1933– )** As a young man, Symons was somewhat more loyal to the British throne than William of Orange, a sentiment that he tearfully communicated to the queen mother, thereby embarrassing and confusing Her Royal Highness, who herself holds a rather skeptical view of the monarchy. Several years later, still smarting from this disillusionment, Symons abandoned a curatorial position with the Royal Ontario Museum and fled to naughty Montreal, where he solaced himself with the virile members of young French Canadian men, perhaps attracted to these organs by a fancied resemblance to the gnarled legs of Quebec farmhouse furniture, an antiquarian specialty of his. From his first novel, *Place d'Armes*, to his more recent reams of unpublished manuscript, Symons continues to advocate a return to the virtues of the eighteenth century, including no doubt the gentlemanly privilege of fumbling the leather-jerked peasantry. It is only his devotion to the throne of England that has prevented him from becoming the queen of Canada. Word has it that eventually Symons will be retired to the Senate, where he will be indistinguishable from any of the other senile old coots and considerably less annoyance than on a public beach. 🐾

**Wallace, Joe (1890–1975)** From Moscow to Vladivostok, the mention of Canadian poetry guarantees a broad steel-toothed grin of recognition and a comradely cry of *Zhoe Vallets!* Wallace, the Edgar Guest of Canada's Communist party, is best known "overseas," where his collection, *A Radiant Sphere*, has sold more than thirty thousand copies, a record for poetry sales exceeded only by King Solomon, Mao Tse-tung, and Kahlil Gibran. This book is used throughout the U.S.S.R. as an aid for teaching English, a fact that must produce a curious linguistic phenomenon worthy of scientific study, since Joe's English was largely learned by conning phrases from Soviet translations of Marx and Lenin. 🐾 🐾







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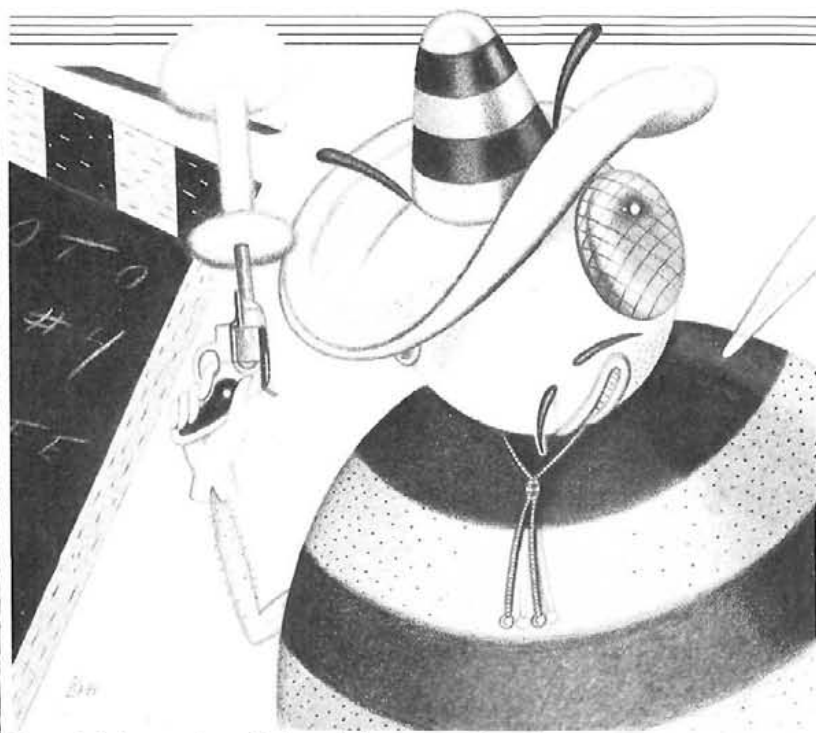
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In which our hero's head is turned by the prospect of starring in a Bee movie.

## On the Road with the Killer Bees (Part 2)

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

**N**OTE: IN EPISODE ONE, Toto, leader of the South American killer bees, is sent on a sacred mission by his mother, Queen Fofi. The aging queen, who presides over a royal-jelly plantation, is highly desirous of a magical water she has heard about that will restore her youth. She is told that the Fountain of Youth lies somewhere in a state called Florida. Toto recruits the best and the brightest of the bees and moves northward into Brazil on the first leg of his journey. In the Brazilian Amazon country he meets Werner Herzog, the German film director, who is completing another movie about an obsessed millionaire—played by Klaus Kinski—who wants to move a Boeing 747 up a mountain. Herzog is infatuated by Toto and the bees and improvises a scene in his movie in which the bees nearly kill the terrified Kinski. Herzog and Toto form a working relationship and begin developing a new film, a documentary tracing the journey of the bees to Florida.

WERNER HERZOG AND TOTO ARE NOW meeting every day to discuss their film. At first, Herzog wanted to simply follow the bees on their quest for the Fountain of Youth in Florida. But as the story conferences progressed, the scenario changed. Toto was angry at first. He had been promised the leading role. He was fascinated by films and by the charismatic Herzog, but he wasn't happy with the way the mercurial German kept changing the story.

"I liked it better when Werner wanted to do a straight documentary about us," said Toto. "Something like *On the Road with the Killer Bees: South and North American Tour*. I envisioned a film with a deceptively casual style that lets the characters and the action speak for themselves. The story would be full of unexpected twists and turns that reflect the unpredictability of the road itself. Things would just happen, as you would expect in a road movie."

But it was soon obvious that Herzog was after much bigger game. "The bees are still the most important element in

the movie," said Herzog. "They are a metaphor of what Germany once was and can never be again. Without Toto and his bees, there would be no story."

The current scenario that Herzog has fashioned, with some suggestions from Toto, is about an Amazonian Indian uprising against a gigantic mining and land-development company from São Paulo. The Indians are sick and tired of being swept up and run over by land-clearing bulldozers as if they were part of the terrain. They attack the company headquarters with thousands of poisoned darts, killing many of the key operatives of the mining company. Federal troops are sent in to massacre the Indians. Their darts cannot compete against such overwhelming opposition.

The Indians are terrified but seek help. They have heard of a reclusive, eccentric millionaire who lives deep in the forest who raises bees. They want him to train his bees to kill the soldiers representing the greedy, corrupt, malevolent capitalists who are ruthlessly destroying their land and their river.

The recluse (played by Klaus Kinski) has renounced the outside world and lives only for beauty. His greatest love is for his bees, who for him represent the purest and most noble form of life, uncorrupted by venality and politics. He sympathizes with the Indians but cannot help them.

But among the bees there is one who is an activist. (This, of course, is Toto's role.) He is a bee version of Zapata, a young firebrand who rises up and incites his fellow bees to help the oppressed Indians. The young revolutionary bee is also Kinski's favorite, a beautiful bee who is treated like a son by the adoring beekeeper. Kinski tries to persuade Toto to give up his revolutionary ways and live in peace and tranquility. He argues eloquently that the aesthetic and moral purity of a bee's life should not be soiled by killing, even for so-called noble causes.

Toto is torn between his idyllic life with Kinski and the revolutionary stirrings within him. When the government soldiers ambush the Indians and wipe them out, his mind is made up. He becomes a guerrilla bee and organizes an elite killer army that joins the Indians in their struggle.

Toto discovers that he genuinely enjoys war and killing. He has been seduced by a bloodlust and the new sense of power it conveys. He is also wooed by the charming, charismatic president of the mining company, who turns out to be Kinski's twin brother, a symbol of the kind of capitalism that Kinski the beekeeper has renounced.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)



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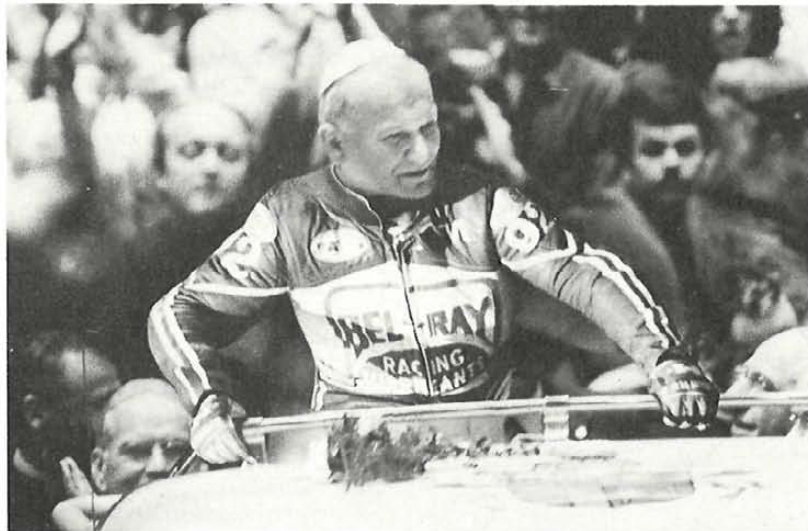
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# Time of the Month

JUNE EDITION



**Daredevil Pope John Paul II in the streets of El Salvador. Many have expressed concern about his macabre fascination with danger.**

## Daredevil Pope Plans Visits to Moslems, Then Rocket Leap over Snake River

SEEMINGLY INDESTRUCTIBLE POPE John Paul II, now famous for spectacular and deadly stunts such as riding through St. Peter's Square in an open car, and riding through El Salvador in any kind of car, has announced plans to, in his words, "continue doing these things until I am the greatest daredevil of modern time.

"I will achieve this," he says, "by attempting not one, but three lethal feats in sequence—a hop, skip, and jump, so to speak—each by itself more dangerous than any of my previous accomplishments." To start, the pope will visit the holy Islamic city of Qum, where he'll give an outdoor sermon on the great military heroes of Christendom, especially the Crusaders, and then celebrate a pontifical Mass on behalf of all false prophets and heretics who have fallen away from the true faith.

The pope then plans to fly directly to

Tangiers, where he will spend the night in full papal costume wandering alone through the alleys of the Casbah with a sackful of money and enormous jewels on each of his fingers while preaching to the locals on the evils of larceny and homosexuality. "And for my finale," the pope said, beaming, "I go to Wyoming and fly right over the treacherous Snake River in a rocket. I know you are thinking to yourselves, 'Hey, another daredevil has tried that before,' but you must remember that he was not a pope, nor had he performed a pair of other difficult stunts directly beforehand."

Many close to the pope have pressed him to give up the daredevilry, wondering aloud if he hasn't become fatally "hooked" on the drama and macabre exhilaration associated with high danger. His response is a Polish aphorism: "No man has lived a full life until he is dead." ■

## Reagan Signs "Useless Jobs Bill" to Boost Employment

SMILING BROADLY and declaring that "the U.S. will soon enjoy 100 percent employment without any risk of inflation or damage to the economy," President Reagan has signed into law the so-called "Useless Jobs Bill," for which he had lobbied heavily.



"Through this bill," the president explained, "the government will create over ten million brand-new jobs, thereby providing employment for all out-of-work Americans. Moreover, because the work they do will be absolutely useless, no products or services will be created that might compete with privately owned business, so we can continue to lift out of the recession. Also, since the workers won't accomplish anything, they won't have to be paid, and there'll be no extra money (CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

## Fantasy Destroyed

A RECENT HARRIS POLL HAS SHOWN that most American wine drinkers actually believe that wine grapes are stamped by barefooted young maidens wearing peasant blouses that barely contain their breasts.

Research indicates that while this pleasant image has been very good for the wine industry, the fact remains that it is far from the truth. Most wine is in fact mashed by:

1. cripples; 2. bums; 3. dogs. ■

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)  
floating around to fuel the inflationary spiral.

Among the first to sign up for one of the useless jobs was heavysset, mustachioed Paul Fraser of Abingdon, Kentucky. Placed on a special highway crew, Fraser had this to say: "It isn't too bad, really. We're working hard paving this circular road that isn't connected to any other roads at all, so no one can ever travel it. When it's finished, we're going to dynamite it and then build it all over again. That's what we'll keep doing."

Frank Rillstein, who signed on with a landfill operation on the Gulf Coast, says, "Actually, it's good, healthy work, and a lot better than sitting home and fighting with the wife. We're busily extending the coastline on the west of Florida; as soon as we fill in an area, a crew behind us blows it up. We'll go along the whole coast. I guess, filling in, blowing up, and being very careful to make sure that it all adds up to nothing."

Ira Grukowski, assigned to a farm project in Iowa, wiped some sweat from



Dismantling a car, tearing up a brand-new freeway—and working.

his brow and explained, "I'm planting crops here—good stuff, wheat and barley and oats. As soon as I'm finished, another out-of-work guy comes up behind me and pulls the seeds out of the ground. Tomorrow I'll be on another crew where we dig irrigation ditches and fill them right up with dirt again. Aside from the psychological benefits of not being idle anymore, I'm proud to be helping my country by being a to-



tally nonproductive American."

Even private industry has taken the president's lead and created useless jobs. Says auto worker Ben Connors of Detroit, "GM has put more than four hundred of us back on, and even set up a special assembly line. Half of us useless workers make a car in the usual way, putting it together piece by piece, and then, when the car is finished, it goes down another assembly line, where people take it apart the same way, piece by piece. Since we use the same parts over and over again, there's lots of work for us, but little cost to GM in the way of warehousing, distributing, or purchasing parts."

President Reagan proudly proclaimed, "Now at last we'll have 100 percent employment without any other economic ramifications. And it's consistent with my hands-off policy because, even though it's a government program, it doesn't result in anything." ■



Shameless anorexics of the Third World insist on consuming vast quantities of CARE packages, then vomiting all the food back up again.

## Anorexia: Plague of the Starving Nations

THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION TODAY ANNOUNCED THAT THE THIRD World appears to be in the grip of an epidemic of anorexia nervosa.

According to a WHO spokesman, "All these years we kept asking ourselves why the millions of tons of soy meal, raw grain, and powdered milk didn't seem to make a difference. Now we know—all the girls eat it, then stick their fingers down their throats and throw it back up. Well, forget it. They're not getting any more from us."

U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz concurred with the results of the WHO study, and promised to cancel all shipments of foodstuffs to the Third World until the anorexia was halted.

"We have better things to do with our surplus food," Shultz claimed, "than to send it to girls who insist on starving themselves because they're crazy." ■

## Rubber MX Hearts

THE SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE IS currently evaluating the merit of an operation known as the MX heart transplant. The procedure, which involves the insertion of several dozen fake rubber hearts into a person's body, is explained by pulmonary physician Dr. Lymon Spratt: "Usually, when a heart attack strikes, it's got no problem, because there is only one heart. But if you have a whole bunch of hearts pretending to be the real one, the attack will become confused and either strike the wrong one, or just leave without doing anything." ■

Time  
of the  
Month

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## Artist Peter Max Emerges From Almost-Wild Area

A MAN STARTLED ONLOOKERS BY emerging from among the trees of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco and walking into a nearby falafel restaurant with a dazed look on his face. "Hello, I'm Peter Max," the man said. "Can you tell me where I am and how long I've been here?"

Authorities later tried to piece together Max's strange odyssey. The famous pop artist of the late sixties and early seventies had gone to sleep one



The Norman Rockwell of the acid set is back.

night in his loft in New York. "I can remember almost nothing after that," acknowledged Max. "Roots, berries, and a small mummified bear claw were found in my pockets."

Officials were puzzled, but not overly alarmed. "I think he was in there, oh, eight, nine years," said one. Max plans to "get cleaned up, cash a few royalty checks, and start living again."

## Censorship Protests

**B**RANDING THEM "UNSUITABLE for preadolescent reading," the town council of Glover, Pennsylvania, population 975, has pulled several books from the Glover Public Library's children's section. The unprecedented move touched off a wave of anger and disbelief among residents of the small community, many of whom have begun marching outside the council building and waving placards that read "Dr. Seuss Is Dirty??" and "Let Our Children Read." Among the books being banned by the town council are *Harold Sticks His Purple Crayon Way Up His Ass*, *Full-Color Lesbian Orgy*, and *Curious George Is a Negro*.



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# Switzerland Tricked, Burglarized

SWITZERLAND LODGED AN OFFICIAL protest in the U.N. General Assembly, claiming that unknown nations launched a fake nuclear attack against the Swiss, waited for them to retreat into their famed mountain shelters, and then invaded their country, stealing clocks, looting chocolate shops, frightening cows, littering the well-kept Swiss streets and scenic attractions, and then leaving before the Swiss came out of their shelters to see who else had survived the "nuclear war" besides themselves.

While the Swiss ambassador was reciting his charges, U.N. delegates from Great Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, the U.S., Spain, Turkey, Greece, Belgium, and the Netherlands nudged



**"Death to the criminal jackals who stole your chocolate!" U.N. delegates shout supportively to Switzerland.**

each other constantly, stifling giggles and making ill-concealed efforts to hide their new Swiss watches or wipe the chocolate smears off their faces. "Perfidy!" U.S. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick shouted as a cuckoo clock

hooted inside her oversize purse. French delegates then announced that they'd "had it up to here" with international lawlessness, designating enormous wheels of Swiss cheese on their desks as the location of "here." ■

# Reagan Cleans Up Waste Fund Mess At Last



**The \$1.6 billion toxic-waste Superfund ready for transfer to the Teamster Pension Fund. "They didn't want a check," an EPA official declared.**

**I**N AN ATTEMPT TO STANCH LINGERING concern over the Environmental Protection Agency's mismanagement of its \$1.6 billion toxic-waste fund, President Reagan announced that the money will be removed from EPA control and merged permanently with the Teamster Pension Fund. Renamed the Super Golden Horizon Resort, Gambling, Land Scheme,

and Poison Fund, the new account will be administered by a select commission of five or six bull-necked, extraordinarily coarse and profane thugs with no fiduciary training and long histories of crime and brutality.

"These people know how to manage a fund," Reagan asserted, sniping implicitly at bungling federal bureaucrats who had neither the imagination to do business without writing it all down in their files nor the character to refrain from squealing on one another once the trouble began. "So who would you rather have in charge of your billion dollars?" Reagan asked. "Some tight-assed, self-obsessed, venal career-hog broad clattering around Washington with more secretaries and shiny business blouses than all of her friends, or a 250-pound stand-up hulk who always gets a return on his money and knows he'll be killed if he doesn't?"

When asked if there was any conflict of interest between the Teamsters and organized-crime syndicates responsible for most of the nation's illegal dumping, a spokesman for the Teamster Pension Fund replied, "No." ■

# New P-Theory Pretend-Japanese Management Introduced by U.S.S.R.'s Andropov



SOVIET LEADER Yuri Andropov broadened his program to increase production in the Soviet Union by committing nearly five million plant managers to psy-

chiatric hospitals and employing a combination of drugs and electrified brain needles to convince them that they're hardworking Japanese. Other methods, like hammering their front teeth outward and fitting them with round, dark-rimmed glasses, are also used—"anything," according to Andropov, "necessary to instill in our people the qualities of dedication, loyalty, and organization that the Japanese have and drunken Russians in steam baths do not." ■



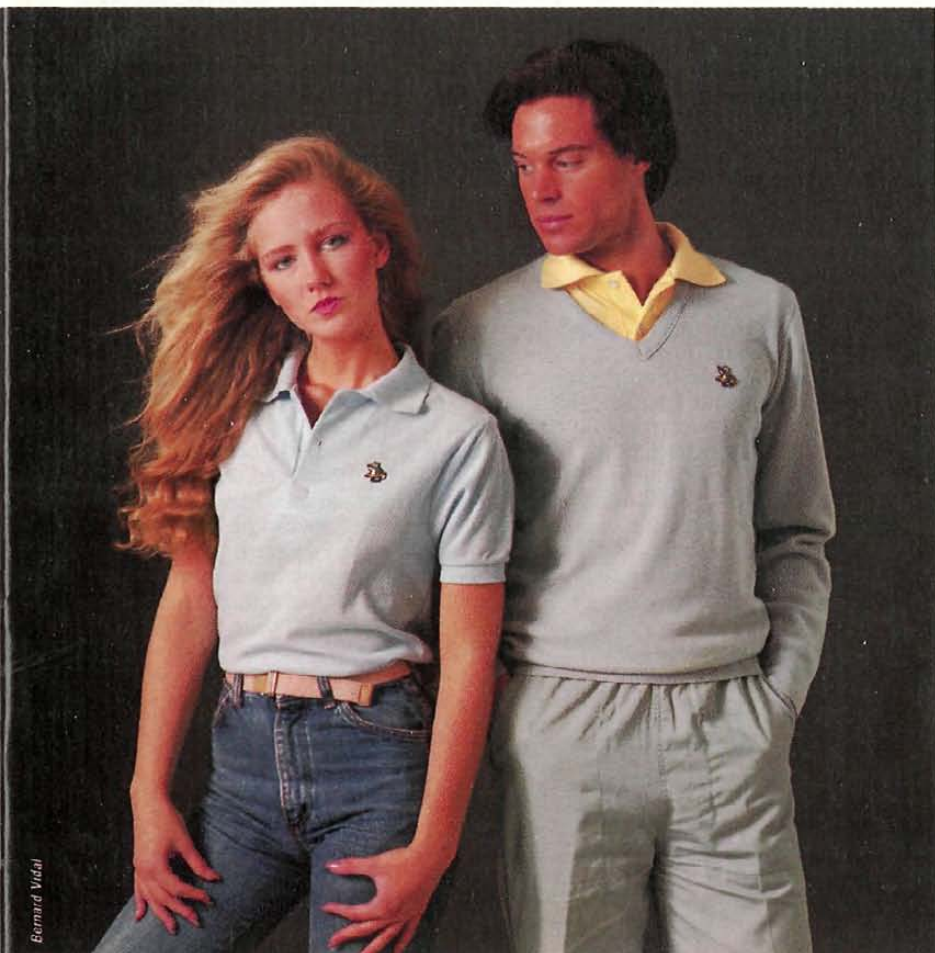
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Bernard Vidal

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by cartoonist  
Sam Gross



## Killer Bees

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

The battle now centers around the struggle for Toto's soul. Both brothers want to claim him. There is a homoerotic element in their pursuit of the beautiful young bee. Toto is troubled and confused. Good and evil, idealism and corruption have all become blurred and muddled in his mind as the cunning and seductive representative of the Establishment nearly convinces him to become a mercenary for capitalism.

The ending of the story is still unresolved. This is as far as Herzog has gotten. He wants to leave the ending for the last minute, letting it evolve naturally from the previous action. The scenario is simply a rough draft, a framework for creating and improvising his *mise-en-scène*.

This is a far cry from Toto's concept of a laid-back documentary. He's not sure he's right for the part. Nor is he sure his fellow bees will want to play guerrillas. Herzog insists that he must play the part, that he will revolutionize the cinema. Eventually there will be no human actors, only bees, insists Herzog. "Bees are easier to work with," he cries. Judging from his previous encounters with Kinski, he may be right.

What Toto needs right now is a good agent, or a personal manager to discuss with him whether or not this Herzog scenario is a good career move. Or, if he is intent on a documentary approach, should he go to a more conventional

and commercial director? But we are in the middle of the Brazilian Amazon. There are no phones for hundreds of miles. Toto and his little band will have to make up their own minds.

Toto is finally swayed by the fact that he does have a very big part (as long as Herzog doesn't change the story drastically). His band of bees grumble, but they are pledged to obey him. They will all act in the picture. Herzog is overjoyed. He promises bit parts for all the bees and an even bigger hunk of the script for Toto. Klaus Kinski, who plays the twins, is not thrilled to hear this. Actors do not like to be shunted aside by lesser types, especially bees. He screams at Herzog that his part is too small. Herzog and Kinski have this lifelong love-hate relationship. Herzog finally agrees to write another part for Kinski. He will now play identical *triplets*. The third brother will be a Catholic priest. Perfect, says Kinski. We now have the forces of capitalism, pure aesthetic idealism, and religion engaged in the struggle for the soul of Toto.

The first day of shooting comes as a shock to Toto and his band of bees. Nothing happens. Everyone stands around and waits for the technicians to set up the scene. Hours go by before one foot of film is shot. Toto is bored beyond comprehension, and his companions are getting extremely restless and edgy.

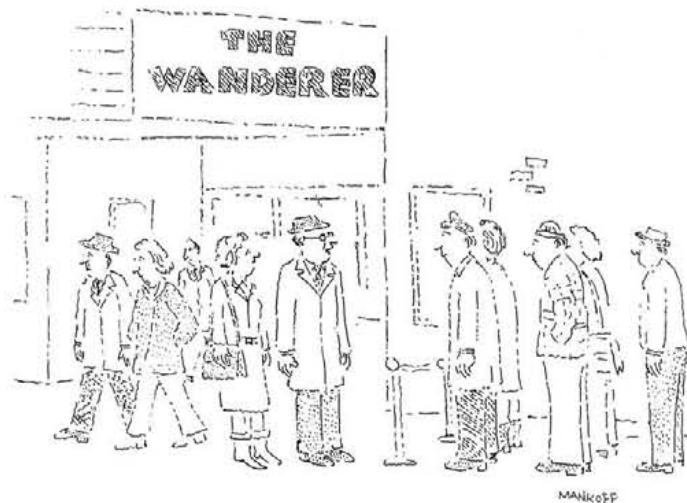
Herzog, as usual, has improvised a brand-new scene that is not in the original story. For weeks he has been build-

ing a restaurant in the heart of this primitive jungle—a huge German restaurant and beer garden, complete with costumed musicians and yodelers, gigantic mounds of authentic German food, and, most important, real draft German beer, flown in by chartered bush pilots from Munich. The restaurant will symbolize the venality and gluttony of the capitalists who exploit and kill the Indians. While the hapless natives are ground into dust by the bulldozers or simply starve to death when their land is completely razed, the rich, fat mining moguls stuff themselves with sauerbraten, roast goose, and sausages, drowned with gallons of beer poured into authentic eighteenth-century antique beer steins (also flown in from Munich).

Herzog is immersed in the creation of this crazed, bacchanalian scene and is ignoring the bees for the moment. The bees, on the other hand, are losing their patience waiting around for something to do. A low buzz can be heard, which begins to annoy Herzog, who is trying to concentrate on what kind of camera angle to use for this complex scene. He snaps at the bees, cursing them in German. They do not understand, of course, but they do grasp the intent of his message. Before Toto can stop them they are massed in an attack formation, heading directly for the restaurant. Like tiny chain saws they simply eat whatever is in their way—people, beer barrels, trays of food, chairs and tables, chandeliers. A magnificent carved mahogany bar, over fifty feet long, is turned into brown sawdust. Hundreds of extras flee for their lives, but many receive the fatal stings of the enraged bees. Herzog's set is ruined. He gazes on the complete chaos and destruction and shakes his fist at Toto. His throat is paralyzed. He cannot speak. Kinski, on the other hand, giggles. He doesn't care. He had no lines in this scene. Toto merely shrugs. "What did Herzog say to the bees that made them so angry and turned them into true killers?" he asks Kinski. Kinski has to whisper it. "He said to them, 'Stop whining like old Jews or I'll have you all sprayed. You are still insects, not humans.'"

"Still insects..." The words echo in Toto's head for many weeks afterward. "We were around before Mr. Herzog and his species and we will be here when he is gone," says Toto as he leads his band from the chaos and carnage of the movie set. The visions of Herzog, Hollywood, and celebrity status are beginning to fade. He is a bee on a sacred mission. It is time to move on and find the Fountain of Youth. ■

T O B E C O N T I N U E D



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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Sirs:

I've noticed that married couples look more and more like each other as they get older. What I want to know is, is Ed Asner secretly married to Norman Mailer? Is Richard Crenna married to Jerry Lewis? Is Luciano Pavarotti married to Dom DeLuise? Am I married to Don Knotts?

Dr. Joyce Brothers  
*Medding, Conn.*

Sirs:

I'm the FAA investigator who listens to the black box to determine why the plane crashed. You'd probably think the last words the pilot says before going down are "We're going down" or "This is it" or "Eek" or something. Not even close. I've listened to black boxes from more than two hundred crashes and the last thing the pilot always says is "Corn and cotton are indigenous to North America." Must be some weird psychic link that comes out under stress or something.

Nervin Nosedive  
*In the tower*

Sirs:

If George Washington is the Father of Our Country, then why isn't Martha Washington the Mother of Our Country? We aren't illegitimate, are we? And why is England called the mother country? Is it because Father George screwed her to get custody of America, or what?

Arnie Benedict  
*Lincoln, Nebr.*

Sirs:

Thank you for your letter of interest. To answer your questions: I left law school after three months and then I married this girl that I had gotten into trouble. She wasn't the dean's daughter or anything, she was from a lower-middle-class Chicago family and her dad was a steelworker. About a year and a half after the baby was born she left me for some old boyfriend of hers who happened to be passing through town. I ran for city council in Cicero, but I came in a very poor third in a four-way race and now I'm working as a tire regroover at Chick Correlli's Used Cars during the day, where I also empty out the spillage from the soda machine twice a day and sweep up after work. (I

get an extra five dollars a week for sweeping up.) For a while Mom wanted me to go back to law school, and I wrote some speeches for my brother during his 1976 run for the nomination, but on the basis of those speeches it was generally agreed that law school and politics were not for me, and Mom made some phone calls, which is how I got this job at Mr. Correlli's. That's about it, I guess, except that despite all the foregoing I know that I have politics in my blood, and you can be sure you'll be hearing from me soon vis-à-vis national office.

James F. Kennedy  
*Cicero, Ill.*

Sirs:

Of course I love McNuggets and McMuffins. But there isn't anything like a good, wholesome McFuck!

Ronald McDonald  
*McDonaldland*

Sirs:

You should know that because it's so expensive we maids at the Hilton don't change the sheets for new guests. We just brush off the dirt and hope you don't notice. Most of you are so anxious to get laid, you never check, so management saves millions of dollars that would otherwise go to laundry expenses. Just thought you'd like to know.

Teresa Gonzales  
*Housekeeping Dept.*

Sirs:

I know that a lot of people think Rod Stewart's voice is too rough and coarse. Frankly, I think that's what makes him sound so sexy.

Tom Carvel  
*Danbury, Conn.*

Sirs:

Why do they call it Latin America when no one there speaks Latin?

Mr. Herschel's Period 6 History Class  
*Orland Park, Ill.*

Sirs:

I just found this story I wrote a few years ago, and I think it really kicks ass. Trouble is, I have real bad dyslexia, so I can't tell if it's called "The Infidel Impure" or "The Infield Umpire." So would you look it over and tell me if it belongs in the *Christian Science Monitor* or in *Sports Illustrated*? Or just send me the names of some religious baseball magazines that will print it either way. Better yet, just throw in some pictures of broads with big bazooms and run it in your mag, okay? Thanks.

Richie Samsel  
*Houston, Tex.*



## The pick of pockets.

Toshiba's new KT-V51 stereo cassette player is truly a small wonder. Its stereo headphones collapse, its tuner pack plays AM/FM stereo and it has two stereo headphone jacks, auto stop and soft touch controls.

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Which will you pick for your pocket?

**TOSHIBA**

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Sirs:

We read with interest your article on Bruce Springsteen. "Rock's Energized Powerhouse of Supercharged Dynamism." What we want to know is, if he's so damn electrified, why can't he get up the energy to mow his lawn once in a while? Or at least do something with all that junk piled up in his backyard?

Committee for a Neat Neighborhood  
*Asbury Park, N.J.*

Sirs:

Down hayre on the fahrm, Ah thought Ah'd try my haynd at some of them thayre "Tord Mõre Pitcheresk Speech" thengs in that thayre *Reader's Digest*. Well, they done sent them back to me with a mean note, so Ah thought Ah'd send 'em to you folks. Well, hayre goes:

1) Truck headlights cornholin' the evenin' darkness.

2) A silo buggerin' the mornin' mist.

3) Downy-like clouds humpin' the horizon.

Well, let me know what y'all think!

Weelbur Morton  
*North Sodomy, Ark.*

Sirs:

You know what's black and pounds on glass? The New York Knicks in a microwave oven.

Red Holtzman  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

If America is so great, how come every first-born male child is used for medical experiments?

A Well-Informed Russian  
*Brezhnevgrad, Russia*

Sirs:

Have any of you read the back of your Corn Flakes box lately? I did. It says, "Contains glycerol." Nothing else, just glycerol! What the hell happened to potassium sorbate? And riboflavin, good old riboflavin? It got so you looked forward to reading "riboflavin" on your Corn Flakes box, and they just up and yank it out of there and put glycerol in its place! Doesn't anybody care anymore? Corn Flakes aren't what they used to be, let me tell you.

Donald Fraser  
*Tampa, Fla.*

Sirs:

Oh, hi! Sorry, you wrote at a bad time, I'm on another letter right now. Can I put you on hold? Better yet, let me write you back. What's your address there?

Howie Doone  
*Soda's Peak, Mont.*

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Private Cristobal Esquina of the  
Salvadoran army, and  
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But it could have been an enemy soldier—how was Private Esquina to know? He's just a confused, completely unmotivated peasant with an attention span of about five minutes who has never held anything in his hand more valuable than a dirt clod, and if we want Private Esquina to fight our wars for us, then there's no reason to complain when he uses up \$60,000,000 worth of ordnance every three months.

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Sirs:

I'm your basic screwed-up loner who'd like to get into terrorism, and I was wondering if you could help me. My plan is to barricade myself in a place where I would get the most exposure on the network news. So far I've narrowed it down to four places, and I need to know which would be most effective. Would you recommend the Empire State Building, the White House, the Statue of Liberty, or the It's a Small World pavilion at Disneyland? Thank you very much for your time.

A Publicity Seeker  
*In my room, alone*

Sirs:

My travels have taught me much about language. For example, did you know that the North American Eskimo has thirty-seven different words for "welfare"?

Noam Chomsky  
*Inuvik, Canada*

Sirs:

Times are hard for us, so we recently got a gig at the Mitchell Brothers' Ultra Room in San Francisco. You can catch us there, doing three shows a night, four nights a week. "Extras" cost more, but for five dollars we'll stick gum on your weenie.

The Doublemint Twins  
*Somewhere in the Tenderloin  
San Francisco, Calif.*

Sirs:

Here's an amusing story I heard recently. It seems that one fine day two pelicans were walking along the avenue. Suddenly they chanced upon an old otter lying in the gutter drinking out of a brown paper sack. The otter was sloppy drunk, was noticeably unwashed, and had scattered patches of fur missing from his body. He looked as though he had just that morning fought the Civil War—for the South. As the pelicans approached, he looked up and beseeched them, "Can you help me out? I lost my job, my car was repossessed, and I haven't any money to pay the rent." One of the pelicans looked down at the otter and said, "Sounds to me as though you're a victim of Reagan economics, my furry friend."

Howard Toast  
*Hygiene, Colo.*

Sirs:

When it comes to eating, you have to hand it to the Venus de Milo. *Me* you have to feed through a tube.

The Winged Victory  
*The Louvre, Paris*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79)



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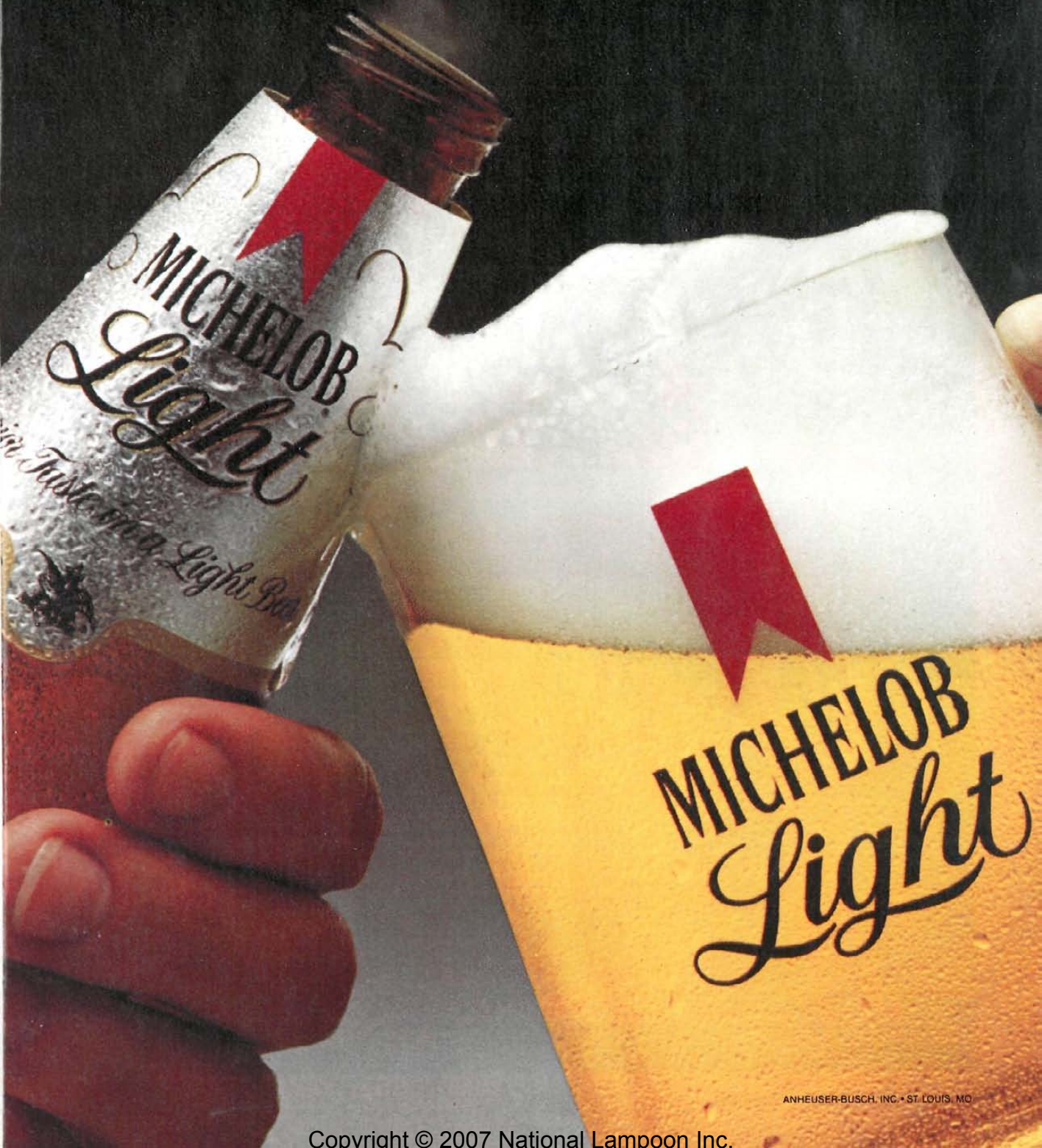
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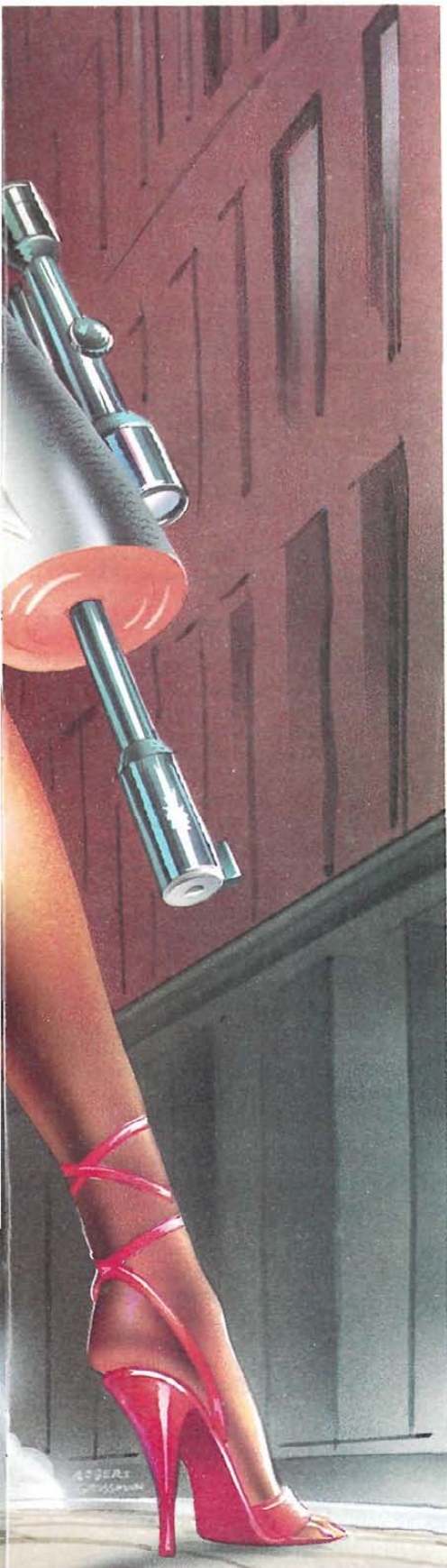


Illustration: Robert Grossman

# TIPS AND TALES FROM BERNIE X: THE SPY WHO CAME

AS TOLD TO GERALD SUSSMAN

I HAD THIS GUY IN MY CAB LAST WEEK WHO WAS reading this book about genes. Very spooky, that kind of shit. He said that in a few years the scientists will be able to do very weird things with people's genes. They can build a whole new race of Hitlers or Einsteins, or whatever. Tell me about it, I said. I'm way ahead of you, I said. It's already going on. I had to deal with it a couple of weeks ago myself. I had to straighten out a little problem between America and the Russians where we could've all become slaves of the Commies. Oh yeah. I'm not shitting you. I'll tell you about it.

A couple of weeks ago I'm driving in my cab up Park Avenue, in the snotty section where the society broads live. And sure enough, one of them throws herself in front of my cab, making me jam on the brakes or I would've croaked her. When I looked down I knew why she did it. It was one of my old girlfriends, Pamela Van Uppingham, the one who's always in the fancy magazines. I used to take her to Central Park at midnight in a special place the cops told me about and give her goola a little workout. She was the one who hired me

to fuck her *and* all her society friends whose husbands were too rich and tired—all these what they call WASPS. I remember I said to her, "I can tell you're a WASP from all that honey dripping." Anyway, when I found out that Pamela's husband was anti-Semitic and had his wife and her friends fuck me to give me a heart attack, I told Pamela to get lost. Of course, by that time she and her pals had fallen in love with me. But I draw the line with wives of Jew haters. So all of Pamela's friends committed suicide because they couldn't fuck me any-



more, and Pamela had a nervous breakdown. And now, here she is, climbing into my cab after hailing it in a very weird way. "I had to see you," she says. "I knew you wouldn't stop for me if I just hailed you, so I jumped in front of your cab."

"If I'd hit you they would've taken away my license, you stupid douche-bag. Did you ever think of that in your *goyisheh kop*?"

"No," she says. "But I'm sure my husband would fix it."

"Fuck your husband sideways and backwards," I said.

That line reminds her of something, and she pulls a gun out of her bag and sticks me up. She tells me to drive her to Chinatown. I learned a long time ago to do what a gun tells you to do, no matter who's holding it. Chinatown. Fine. We'll have a few egg rolls and fried lice together.

We end up in a restaurant that you enter through an alley. We go right to the men's room. She knocks on the wall in some kind of code, and the fucking wall opens and we're in a basement. From there we go to a subbasement and more secret walls and doors until we finally get to a whole different setup, a set of offices that I could tell was something important—like FBI or CIA.

Here we go again. I need this kind of

business like I need another dick. Pamela ushers me into the big office and introduces me to Boss Tweed. That was the nickname I gave him, because he was wearing one of those tweed suits that college professors used to wear. He looks a little like the actor E.G. Marshall. He thanks me for coming. I tell him I had no choice. Pamela apologizes and begs my forgiveness. She still wants to be my mistress—on any terms. In fact, she breaks down and starts kissing my feet. Very embarrassing. Marshall asks her to leave. She's done her job. I knew right away that Pamela is this guy's wife. Pamela said he was a banker. Bullshit. He's a spook—a big one.

This is the guy that wanted to kill me with a heart attack by making me fuck my brains out. I wanted to choke the smug little fuck, but before I could get him, a pair of hands spun me around and threw me up in the air like I was a baby, and I'm a pretty hefty guy.

"Meet Lance, your new bodyguard," said Marshall.

"We've got a lot to discuss, so let's get all our cards on the table, shall we, Bernard?"

Okay, so he did the explaining. They weren't trying to give me a heart attack. The whole shtick with the society broads was a CIA plan to test me, to

find out if I was as good as my reputation. Of course, he found out I was better. Almost too good, with his wife going nuts and the other broads committing suicide over me. Now they are convinced they have the right man in me.

"You mean I've been set up for this whole thing?" I said.

"If you mean you've been set up for a job that will save your country from Communist enslavement, then yes, you've been set up," he says.

"We need you, Bernard. For a mission that will save the Free World."

He starts explaining the problem. It seems that the Russians have developed a plan for the takeover of the United States, and eventually the rest of the non-Commie countries. But not with regular warfare or even nuclear warfare. "It must have something to do with fucking, right?" I say. "Right," says Marshall.

He signals for a little film to be shown on this movie screen that rolls down the wall. It's about genes and how the Russians are working on some incredible shit that is way ahead of us. Marshall explains it to me in simple terms so I can understand it, with the movie supplying the right pictures as we go along. It seems that the Russkies have invented something that they call a "genetic engineering device." It's too complicated to describe, but it's very, very tiny, and it's placed in the vagina to do its dirty work. You can hardly see it. Inside this tiny little cocker is what Marshall called the "genetic essence of Communism." In other words, the actual genes of the most fanatic Russian Communists are in this little thing. And by having sexual intercourse with unsuspecting men, the lady carrier of this device can somehow transfer the Commie genes to the guy's own sperm. This is the tricky scientific part that he explained to me but I can't translate to you. Just trust me. It works. It's like someone going around with herpes and giving it to everyone, free of charge. All a guy has to do is fuck the girl with the genetic device and he picks up the Commie genes. Then, when he fucks someone else, he gives it to her. Get it? The Russian female spy just has to sleep around like crazy and she can spread the thing like a forest fire. Evidently the little Commie gene device never dries up.

Now, once it's in a guy, an American, he gives it to someone else and she gives birth to a baby—a nice normal baby. Except...when the kid is about twelve or thirteen, the Commie gene is programmed to emerge in full force and do something really weird. It will communicate with one of these Soviet satellite rays and will relay messages to the kids

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)





# DEAR PLAYMATES

**M**onth after month, we challenge our Playmates' intellects with tough, probing questions like "What is your name?" "How many fingers am I holding up?" "Could you please raise your left hand?" ("No, your *other* left hand") and "How about a blowjob?" Last month, four out of six correctly answered the question "What is the president's last name?" when given the hint that his wife's name was Mrs. Reagan:

This month's probing question:

**The zero option has been deemed unduly one-sided by many of America's European allies. To expedite the stalled disarmament talks, would a more liberal bargaining stance be in order?**

**B**oy, that's a good question. I wish I knew. Really, I do. I wish I knew what it means. What is zero option? What is expedite? What is Europe? I don't know a lot about this subject. I don't even know how to dress myself. That's how I got this job. Well, that's enough thinking for today. Ouch. My head hurts. Bye.



*Vickie Lynn Babs*

VICKI LYNN BABS  
FEBRUARY 1982

**C**an I call my boyfriend and ask him about this one? He installs eight-track tape decks, and is really good with figuring out things. Sometimes he talks to me about countries he'd drop bombs on if he could make bombs out of old eight-track deck parts, which he has a lot of. But if he dropped a bomb, wouldn't someone drop one on us? Then I'd really worry about my dog, Fritz. I just love little Fritz to itty-bitty little pieces, and she'd be fried into a frizzle in a bomb attack. I'd hate anyone who would do that. Then I'd drop a bomb on them, and make their children die. This gets very complicated, doesn't it? Be cool.



*Rita Mae Slavery*

RITA MAE SLAVERY  
MARCH 1979

**W**ho cares? I sure don't. And you wouldn't either, if you had hooters like mine. Why, I'll bet I've got a full half gallon in each of these milk jugs. Mmm-boy. And do you know what? Guess what I like to do with them. More than anything else. If you guessed putting them in guys' mouths, you would be right. And if you are a guy, I just bet you'd enjoy sucking these McGuppies. I bet you would.



*Pamela Sue Mangoes*

PAMELA SUE MANGOES  
OCTOBER 1978

**I**s this an excuse to print another picture of me with my gazongas hanging out? Well, go ahead—you've already ruined my life. People leer at me, my parents think I'm a whore, and no upstanding man would ever marry me now. You told me posing nude would help my acting career. Ha! Did Meryl Streep start out posing in 'crotchless' panties? How about Patricia Neal? Have you ever seen Katharine Hepburn fingering herself? No! So you guys just take your zero-option question and your Pigskin Preview and your stupid Party Jokes and jam them right up your assholes, you sleazy jerk-offs.



*Mandy Carter*

MANDI CARTER  
NOVEMBER 1980

**G**reat. Sounds really great. I don't have any problems with it, you know what I mean? Whatever the president wants to do, he wouldn't have been elected unless he was going to do it, right? Is this good? Do you want me to stick my ass out a little more, or touch myself? Is this good? Super!



*Lori Cumberbund*

LORI CUMBERBUND  
JANUARY 1982

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. We may not be able to answer every question, but we'll try.





# THE SPY WHO CAME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

and make them into robots, mind-controlled to obey Russian commands. In a short time, the entire country could be taken over by these mind-controlled kids, and we all become slaves of Russia.

"I know it sounds complicated," said Marshall. "It is. But in the long run, the Russians feel that this is the way to take over. No war. No nuclear disasters. Just a little patience and a few little genetic engineering devices. Genetics is one of their most advanced areas of scientific research."

What the Russians are doing first, Marshall tells me, is one of those trial runs, using the genetic engineering device, or GED, as the CIA calls it, in one female spy, to see how well it performs. This spy is now at large and is about to launch her mission. They want to see how well it works on a small scale first, to iron out any bugs. What they want me to do is get in tight with the spy and be the first to fuck her and, somehow, get her to come over to our side, to defect.

"How do I do that without getting infected with Commie genes?" I ask.

"If you don't have an orgasm—or ejaculate in any way—the little device

can't be triggered off. It only works when the man has his orgasm," Marshall says. "Of course, this particular Soviet agent is probably one of the most beautiful, sexy women who ever existed on the planet. So it will be extremely difficult to, uh...do it with her and not, er, *express* yourself. That's one of the reasons why we chose you, Bernard. From what we understand, you can go for hours, even days, without leaking."

"Weeks, if necessary," I said.

What the CIA wanted was for me to bring back the spy alive so that they could study the device for themselves and try to copy it and improve it. Even finding the fucking thing was going to be a major problem. Lucky for me, they were sure they had the name and whereabouts of the female spy.

Before I got my briefing on the spy, Marshall introduced me formally to my bodyguard for this assignment. This was too big for me to handle alone, he told me, even though I insisted that I could.

"You can take care of yourself in the streets, Bernard. But what do you know about the suburbs? Shopping malls? Farms?"

This was his idea of a joke. So I get this guy Lance Rodd, the one who had spun me around like a Mexican basket fuck. He's one of those tall, blond California types. Looks just like Ryan

O'Neal on a pure marijuana diet. I also spot him for what he is. "He's a fruitbar, right? I can tell. You got to give me a fruitbar for a bodyguard. He's going to rape me in my sleep. Homos love me too, y'know?"

Marshall gives out a big sigh at this point and asks Lance to give me a more detailed demonstration of his talents. Marshall presses a button on his desk and the wall slides back, and I see this fucking polar bear in a cage, maybe ten feet tall—a monster. And he's foaming at the mouth.

"He hasn't had his dinner and he's starving," says Marshall. Suddenly the cage opens and the bear takes a flying leap for the first guy he sees—me. I don't know whether to shit or go blind. I think I'm doing both. But before I can blink, Lance is on the spot. He hits the bear with one of those Japanese punches and breaks the animal's neck. I'm impressed.

"That was close. I almost had to change my underwear."

Marshall signals for them to take away the dead bear. Lance just grins like a fucking goofball. Easier than sucking a cowboy's cock. Marshall gives me a stern lecture for the first time, but he has a little twinkle in his eye.

"Do you want to see what a homosexual trained in the deadliest martial arts can do to a...a Chevy Blazer? A small building? How dramatic do you want our little demonstration to be, Bernard?"

I'm sold. Lance can be my fucking pal for life. I know some loan sharks he can crease up for me. We shake hands. He'll be strictly in the background. Marshall doesn't want to tip his hand. I'm the guy who will do all the work. They want an amateur that the Russians don't know. An amateur spy, not an amateur fucker.

Now I get my briefing and my preparation for the job. The name of my target is Loxema Jones. She's American, but long ago became a Commie sympathizer and then was recruited and trained to be one of their best, toughest spies and sent back to the States. She's as American as cherry pie to the outside world but is actually a deadly agent. She is also black and Jewish. Her nickname is "O Loxy." I got a look at some pictures of her. She's the greatest-looking broad I ever saw, and I've seen and yenced them all. Remember Lena Horne when she was young? I fucked her, by the way, and she was one of my favorites. Anyway, Loxy Jones makes Lena Horne look like Sammy Davis waking up from a hangover.

The Russians are very smart. They figure they'll start this little project with the *shvartzers* first. Let Loxy sleep

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)



"Our entire management team has been enchanted. I alone was spared this fate because of my seniority."



# SEXUAL APTITUDE TEST

and Test of Standard Body Language



You will have three hours to work on the questions in this test. If you finish a question too soon, do not worry. It happens to everyone sometimes. If you are uncertain where to make an entry, do not guess. Go on to the next question. Science has established that the size of your number-two pencil is not a factor in your success. You will be graded on enthusiasm, imagination, and performance, not on the number of entries completed, or the size of your number-two pencil. When you have finished this test, be sure to fill in your name, room number, and the name of the motel where this test was taken.

***DO NOT OPEN THIS BOOK—OR  
ANYTHING ELSE—  
UNTIL TOLD TO DO SO BY SOMEONE IN  
AUTHORITY.***



**SECTION 1**  
**VERBAL APTITUDE**  
**20 QUESTIONS**

For each question in this section, choose the best answer and blacken the corresponding space.

**Vocabulary:**

Choose the word or phrase that is most clearly the SAME in meaning as the word in capital letters.

1. FRIGID: (A) *Ur-Maytag* (B) a girl's name (Irish)  
(C) coked up (D) suffering from a yeast infection  
(E) a carpet-muncher

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

2. DISCIPLINE: (A) between consenting disciples  
(B) West Point gang bang  
(C) nip-clipping to disco music  
(D) a girl's name (New England Puritan)  
(E) wearing spurs to bed

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

3. JISM: (A) breach with the Church  
(B) a gymnasium for queers  
(C) American Negro slang for "Yes, ma'am."  
(D) the poor man's ambrosia  
(E) the poor woman's ambrosia

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

Choose the word or phrase that is most clearly the OPPOSITE in meaning as the word in capital letters.

4. SPANISH FLY: (A) Julie Andrews  
(B) Canadian goose (C) marriage  
(D) Japanese ground ball (E) Tabasco douche

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

5. NECROPHILIA: (A) live TV (B) necropittsburgh  
(C) a girl's name (rural black American)  
(D) blowjob from Karen Anne Quinlan  
(E) curing a chicken hawk of cancer

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

**Analogies:**

Select the lettered pair that best expresses a relationship similar to that expressed in the original pair.

6. COALS : NEWCASTLE ::  
(A) masturbation : cerebral palsy  
(B) condom : homosexual  
(C) barbecue : Yorkshire pudding  
(D) meaningful relationship : California  
(E) cinder blocks : Vladivostok

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

7. PEDERASTY : ENGLISH LITERATURE ::  
(A) alcohol : party (B) feet : adult bookstore  
(C) shame : ecstasy (D) Ben-Wa balls : convent  
(E) gerrymandering : E. M. Forster

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

8. FRENCH TICKLER : TIED FLIES ::  
(A) artificial heart : sump pump  
(B) feather boa : vying gnats  
(C) Koo Stark : Elizabeth II  
(D) Häagen-Dazs Chocolate Chocolate Chip Ice Cream : ground glass  
(E) Le Pétomane : insect bondage

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

9. MAMMARIES : MASTECTOMY ::  
(A) Al Jolson : chewing gum  
(B) Dolly Parton : Mount St. Helens  
(C) reminiscence : Egyptian pharaoh  
(D) satin sheets : white sale  
(E) whales : Sherman's march through Georgia

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

10. FELLATIO : BUGGERY :: (A) czar : proletariat  
(B) Hamlet : Watergate (C) Sausalito : San Quentin  
(D) Italian ice : mosquitoes  
(E) Don Knotts : William the Conqueror

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

**Sentence Completion:**

Choose the one word or set of words that, when inserted in the sentence, best fit the meaning of the sentence as a whole.

11. His ---- was so enormous that she despaired of its ever fitting in her ----.

(A) vasectomy scar...viewfinder (B) nose...tent  
(C) cucumber...bumhunkie (D) inheritance...IRA  
(E) testicle...vise

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

12. The number of ---- in the place was unbelievable; it was difficult to realize that a ---- could be so crowded.

(A) crabs...merkin  
(B) television cameras...vagina (C) tits...brassiere  
(D) dildos...chief executive's desk drawer  
(E) digits...rectum

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

13. The ---- that gleamed from the two vibrating bodies gave the distinct impression that they had been ---- for a long time.
- (A) sleigh bells...ringtingaling, too  
 (B) lubricant...voyeurs (C) urine...showering  
 (D) Béarnaise sauce...sterile  
 (E) twilight...gallantly streaming
- (A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

14. Such a ---- encounter might be ----.
- (A) lewd...tax-deductible  
 (B) close...of the third kind  
 (C) perfect...sodium nitrate  
 (D) homosexual...politically beneficial  
 (E) brief...easy to lie about
- (A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

15. What we consider a luxury at one time frequently becomes a ----; many people find that solitude encourages ----.
- (A) lust...Bible reading  
 (B) nuisance...self-immolation  
 (C) sick perversion...philately  
 (D) necessity...choking the chicken  
 (E) chore...making it with your dog
- (A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

Reading Comprehension:

After reading the following passage, choose the best answer to the following questions.

Upon retiring from the presidency of the United States, George Washington embarked on a life far removed from that of idle gentleman farmer. In fact, scholars have collected substantial evidence that the Father of Our Country pursued many interesting hobbies on his Mount Vernon plantation, the chief among these being cunnilingus. Practicing on his slaves, for this was before the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863, Washington became a highly skilled genitophage who eventually was competing successfully, despite his advanced age, in the great labiamanagerant fairs of western Virginia and southern Delaware—immortalized later by Walt Whitman in his epic poem, *Munching Leaves of Grass*.

Although revisionist historians have proposed that Washington derived personal satisfaction from his consistently high scores at these “cuntry fairs,” most Washington biographers insist that he practiced his craft out of a highly developed sense of duty.

It was noted that Washington’s mahogany teeth, false, of course, were of particular value to him in the field, enabling him to finish off 10 percent more females than his nearest competitor, Thomas Jefferson.

In his memoirs, Washington fondly recalls his early publicmastication training with the legendary Cherokee snatchophile, Lukmahno Hands, who gave young Washington his first lozenge. Somewhat tongue-in-cheek, Washington once reminisced to Virginia Commonwealth newspaper editors about the time when, practicing “la

joiebuzzerie” on a young slave girl, he mistakenly bit down upon the slave’s privates when a hornet maliciously stung him from behind. Admittedly unable to lie, plan, or form complex thoughts, Washington was at first afraid to tell his father what had happened. But eventually, true to American form, the young Washington admitted to his stern, uncompromising father—himself an accomplished clitoridominus—that he had, indeed, chopped down his father’s favorite cherry.

16. The title below that best expresses the ideas of this passage is
- (A) George Washington, Master Cocksman, Ha-Ha  
 (B) Folk Dentistry of Central Virginia  
 (C) How to Say “Eat Pussy” in the Queen’s English  
 (D) Why Virginia Slaves Did Not Try to Escape  
 (E) Mein Kampf
- (A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

17. When Washington left the presidency he led a life of
- (A) idleness and sloth (B) Riley  
 (C) duty to his country (D) childlessness  
 (E) incredible bad breath
- (A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

18. Washington practiced cunnilingus because
- (A) he grew up near coal-mining country  
 (B) “it’s there”  
 (C) he liked chocolate-covered cherries  
 (D) “Little George” wouldn’t stand up straight  
 (E) his mother made him
- (A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

19. The great American poet Walt Whitman wrote an epic poem about
- (A) fruit  
 (B) coming of age in Samoa  
 (C) the first Michelin guide to eating out in America  
 (D) orgasm among livestock  
 (E) American Presidents and Sappho: Magic Carpet in the New World
- (A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

20. What do George Washington and this section of the SAT have in common?
- (A) They both suck  
 (B) One sucks, the other doesn’t  
 (C) Lukmahno Hands  
 (D) slavery  
 (E) Mein Kampf
- (A) (B) (C) (D) (E)





**SECTION 2**  
**MATHEMATICAL APTITUDE**  
**9 QUESTIONS**

In this section solve each problem, using any available space on the page for scratchwork, then indicate the correct answer in the corresponding space.

**Standard Multiple-Orgasm Questions**

1. If  $x < y$ , which position will be satisfying to both partners?

(A)  $\frac{y}{x}$  (B)  $\frac{x}{y}$  (C)  $\frac{x+2}{y}$  (D)  $\frac{x+y}{\pi}$  (E)  $\frac{x+y}{0 \ 0}$

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

2.  $a$  is a female, age 80, and  $b$  is a male, age 80.  
 $c$  is a female, age 20, and  $d$  is a male, age 20.

If  $\frac{a}{d}$  and  $\frac{c}{b}$ , which of the following is true?

- (A)  $d$  goes into  $a$  more times than  $b$  goes into  $c$ .  
(B)  $b$  goes into  $c$  more times than  $d$  goes into  $a$ .  
(C)  $b$  does not go into  $c$ .  
(D)  $c$  gets mad and leaves  $b$ .  
(E)  $a$  dies and  $d$  and  $c$  get together.

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

3. If three boys can frost a cookie in two minutes, what part of the job can be completed by two boys in one minute?

(A)  $\frac{1}{3}$  (B)  $\frac{2}{3}$  (C)  $\frac{3}{4}$  (D)  $\frac{19}{20}$  (E) the raisins

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

4. Mrs. Crocker can give a blowjob as fast as her two daughters working together. If one daughter does the job alone in three minutes and the other does it alone in six minutes, how many minutes does it take the mother to do the job alone?

- (A) 1 (B) 2 (C) 3 (D) 4  
(E) 6 hours, because Mr. Crocker has to recover from what the daughters did

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

5.  $x$  is a Catholic male;  $y$  is a Catholic female;  $z$  is a prostitute. If  $x + z = 69$ , what is  $x + y$ ?

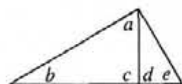
(A) 66 (B) 99 (C)  $34\frac{1}{2}$  (D) 0 (E) Oct. 6, 1982

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

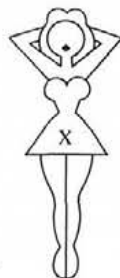
**Comparative Geometry**

6. Which angle has the most direct view of  $X$ ?

- (A)  $a$   
(B)  $b$   
(C)  $c$   
(D)  $d$   
(E)  $e$



(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)



7. Which relationship is least likely to result in \*\$%&!!!#\$\$¢!!!¢\$%#&@\*?

- (A)  $\bigcirc \leftarrow$  (B)  $\bigcirc \bigcirc$  (C)  $\leftarrow \leftarrow$  (D)  $\rightarrow \leftarrow$  (E)  $\bigcirc^n$

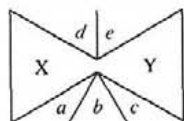
(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

8. If  $\bigcirc \bigcirc$  is great, which is greater?

- (A)  $\bigcirc \bullet$  (B)  $\bullet \bullet \bullet \bullet$

(A) (B)

9. If  $X$  and  $Y$  are two sides of a bikini, then which angle is the greatest?



- (A) "Hi, my name's Brad, and I'd like to invite you to my parents' pool party this afternoon."  
(B) "With knockers like those you make a guy come in his pants."  
(C) "I'm a professional photographer, and I was hoping you might agree to pose for some photos for my new book about Cape Cod."  
(D) "Would you mind putting a little sunburn lotion on my back?"  
(E) "Uta, la chingao! Ai-yai-yai, qué caramba! Hijo! Muchacha, qué quiero te chingar! Bese, bese, bese!!!!!" (SMACKING NOISES)

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

**S T O P**

IF YOU FINISH BEFORE TIME IS CALLED, CHECK YOUR WORK ON THIS SECTION ONLY.  
DO NOT WORK ON ANY OTHER SECTION IN THE TEST.





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# Mr. Senator T's Paradoxical Hypnodisc Riviera Enlightenment

BY TOD CARROLL  
ILLUSTRATED BY P.C. VEY





HELLO, I BE NEEDIN' TWO PAIR O' HYPNODITHCTH PRETHITHELY IMMEDIATELY.

I SEE.

YOU'RE REGISTERED?

HUH?

IF NOT, THEN A PRELIMINARY DEPOSITION MUST BE TAKEN. QUESTION NUMBER ONE: WILL YOU BE USING YOUR HYPNODISCS ON WEALTHY HEIRESSSES?

HEIRETHETH?

WE HAVE A LARGE COMMUNITY OF WEALTHY AND SOPHISTICATED HEIRESSSES HERE, AND IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO PROTECT THEM FROM STRANGERS WHO'LL PUT THEM IN A TRANCE AND COMMAND THEM TO GIVE THEM SEX.

LOOK, JACK, I ONLY BE AFTER MY LEGITHLATIVE ATHITHTANT, UNDERTHAN'?

QUESTION NUMBER TWO: DO YOU HAVE A PASSPORT?

YEAH.

YOU'LL HAVE TO SURRENDER IT UNTIL YOU LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

WELL, GODDAMN.

ANY MONKEY BUSINESS AND WE'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHO TO LOOK FOR, GOT THAT, SENATOR?

YEAH, I GOT IT.

DID YOU GET THEM?

YEAH, BUT HE BE VERY EKTHPLITHIT ABOUT METHIN' WIF THE HEIRETHETH, UNDERTHAN'?

OKAY, THEN LET'S TRY THAT PAIR OF RUDE-LOOKING BOUTIQUE CLERKS.

SHIT, MAN, THEY BE HARDLY NO MORE THAN JUNENILETH.

BUZZ GOES AFTER ONE OF THE GIRLS ANYWAY.

HEY, BEAUTIFUL. HOW MUCH FOR ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONYX-AND-POLYMER REPLICATIONS OF A MINIATURE PUBLIC PHONE TO PIN ON MY WHIMSICAL LITTLE FUCKING FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR FRENCH FASHION SWEATER JUST FOR FUN?

MORE THAN A DIRTY LITTLE CREATURE LIKE YOU CAN AFFORD, THAT'S FOR SURE. NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE YOU UPSET THE CUSTOMERS.

BUT I'VE GOT PLENTY OF MONEY. HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU.

HEY! THAT'S NOT MINE, THOSE ARE...

EXACTLY. NOW, GO TO THE MOST EXPENSIVE HOTEL IN TOWN, PAY FOR A GIANT ROOM, TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES, AND WAIT ON THE BED IN A MOANING, GURGLING LATHER.

YES, MASTER.

HEY, BUTH, DID THEY BE SUCTHETHFUL?

OF COURSE. I'M ON MY WAY TO PUT THE MEAT TO THIS ONE RIGHT NOW. HER FRIEND'S STILL IN THE SHOP... IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.

GODDAMN, THITH BE EKTHRAORDINARY.

SENATOR T WANDERS INTO THE BOUTIQUE.

YEAH, UH... I BE LOOKIN' FOR A GIFT.

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. I'VE GOT OTHER, MORE ATTRACTIVE AND PERSONABLE CUSTOMERS, SO GET OUT.

THAT BE THE FINAL THDRAW.

YOU BE UNDER MY THPELL, BABY.

YES, MASTER.

GODDAMN, THITH BE EKTHRAORDINARY.

OKAY... UH... WHAT WE NEED NOW ITH A MORE CONDUTHIVE LOCATHION, IF YOU UNDERTHAN' MY MEANING.

HOW ABOUT AN EXPENSIVE HOTEL, MY MASTER? I'LL PAY.

BUZZ, IN THE MEANTIME, HAS ATTACHED ONE END OF A STRING TO HIS BOUTIQUE CLERK'S WAIST AND THE OTHER END TO HER UPPER LEFT FRONT TOOTH, SO THAT EACH SEX-RELATED MOTION OF HER BODY WILL LOOSEN AND EVENTUALLY REMOVE THE TOOTH.

IT WILL REDUCE YOUR EFFECTIVENESS AS A POINT-OF-PURCHASE LUXURY-CLASS RETAIL-FRENCH-BOUTIQUE SALES AGENT TO HAVE A BLACK HOLE INSTEAD OF A FRONT TOOTH, YES?

YES, MASTER.

SENATOR T AND BUZZ COMPARE NOTES AFTERWARD.

SO I SEXED HER TEETH OUT. HOW'D IT GO FOR YOU?

WELL, I DON'T PRETHITHELY KNOW AT THITH TIME, I MEAN I GUETH I COULDA BEEN A LITTLE MORE AGGRETHIVE, BUT WE JUTH, YOU KNOW, TALKED AND THTUFF.

COME ON, WHAT KIND OF A CORNBALL TALKS ON HYPNODISCS?

HEY, IT BE PRETTY DAMN INTERETHTING, ACTUALLY. SHE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT HER MOTHER, THE HEIRETH D'ATHUL.

THE HEIRESS D'AZUL? MY GOD, MAN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE IS?

NO.



THAT'S HIM, THAT'S THE ONE, MOTHER. HE HAD HYPNODISCS ON AND HE PUT ME IN A SPELL.

LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM THE HEIRESS D'AZUL, AND YOU, SIR, ARE IN VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE.

WHAT THITH BE ALL ABOUT?

VIOLATING THE OMNIBUS RIVIERA HEIRESS AND HEIRESS DAUGHTER SAFETY ACT OF 1979, YOU DOPE.

BUT IF THITH BROAD BE THOME ARITHOCRATIC HEIRETH DAUGHTER, THEN HOW COME I BE FINDIN' HER WORKIN' AT A JOB?

ALL PEOPLE ARE NOT PERFECT, SIR, EVEN THE CHILDREN OF HEIRESSSES, MY POOR DAUGHTER, FOR EXAMPLE, WAS BORN WITH A DAMAGED MIND.

SHE IS SEIZED BY THE MOST PECULIAR THINGS, LIKE AN ARTISTIC CHILD WHO FIXES ON SPINNING TURNTABLES. ONLY IN MY DAUGHTER'S CASE THE OBJECTS OF HER OBSESSION ARE NOT RECORD PLAYERS BUT RATHER THE LOWEST FORM OF RETAIL SALESMANSHIP.

BELIEVE ME, I'VE HAD HER TO EVERY DOCTOR, EVERY CLINIC, EVERY THERAPIST IN EUROPE, AND THE RESULT IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

SHE TRAVELS A WHILE, LIES AROUND ON BOAT DECKS AND WEARS ALL DIFFERENT KINDS OF SUNGLASSES FOR A WHILE, AND THEN JUST WHEN I THINK SHE'S BEEN CURED, SHE RUNS OFF AND FINDS A JOB IN SOME STORE.

DO YOU SEE THE TERRIBLE DILEMMA THIS CREATES FOR ME? WHICH IS WORSE, ALLOWING MY FRIENDS TO THINK I'M DESTITUTE AND FORCED TO PUT MY DAUGHTER TO WORK, OR ADMITTING TO THEM THAT THE GIRL IS INSANE?

DAMN, I DON'T KNOW.

OF COURSE YOU DON'T. HOW COULD A DEVIATE WHO ATTACKS MENTALLY RETARDED GIRLS WITH HYPNODISCS KNOW ANYTHING? NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M LEAVING TO CALL THE POLICE.

NOW WHAT? JAIL, I SUPPOSE. 'BYE.

WHAT A METH. WHAT A LOUTHY, EMBARRATHING METH.

I BE EKTHPELLED FROM THE THENATE. I NEVER BE ABLE TO FATHE MY FAMILY AGAIN. EVERYTHING THAT I WORK THO HARD TO ACHIEVE GOIN' TO FUCKIN' DITHINTEGRATE.

UNLETH... UNLETH MAYBE I CAN EKTHPLAIN MY ENTIRELY COMPLETE LIFE THAGA TO THAT HEIRETH D'ATHUL. THEN SHE UNDERHTAN' AND HOPEFULLY LIGHTEN UP.

I BE HERE UNAMNOUNTHED TO VITHIT THE HEIRETH D'ATHUL. ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.

GO AWAY BEFORE YOU GET IN MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU ALREADY ARE.

I BE MERELY A ORDINARY AMERICAN THENATOR LOOKING FOR LEGISLATIVE ATHITHANT PUTHY, UNDERHTAN'?

I NEVER BEEN TOO POPULAR WIF WOMEN, THEREFORE WHEN I HEAR ABOUT THE EKTHELLENTH OF YOUR FRENCH HYPNODITHCTH, I COULD NOT CONTROL THE URGE TO GET THEM.

THO YOU UNDERHTAN' THAT WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER BE TAUNTING ME THO CRUELLY AND BODATHIOUTHLY...

...SHE THTRUCK A NERVE DEEP WITHIN MY THYCHOLOGICAL MIND.

THITH NERVE DATE BACK TO MY EARLIETH ADOLETHENTH, WHERE ATH A PERTHONAGE OF THE THTHREET AND THPETHIALITHT OF THE BOUNTHING TRADE, I DITHCOVERED THAT WOMEN WATH POTHIIBLY AFRAID OF ME.

THEY BE TELLING ME THTUFF LIKE MY HAIR BOTHER THEM, MY EKTHPRETHION BOTHER THEM, MY THITANTHE BOTHER THEM, MY ATTITUDE BOTHER THEM, AND THO MY INITHIAL REACTHION WATH NATURALLY "FUCK YOU."

I EKTHPLAIN TO THEM THAT ON THE THTHREET A INDIVIDUAL MUTHT ONLY BE WHAT HE BE, OR HE WILL NOT THURVIVE.

AND I ALTHO EKTHPLAIN THAT THE REGULATHIONTH OF THE THTHREET DO NOT ONLY APPLY ON THE THTHREET, BUT LIKE IN THE FILM THTHUDIO DURING MY PERIOD OF FILM THELEBRITYHOOD.

LATER, I FIND A VOITHE IN PLATHES LIKE THE BANKING AND FINANTHE COMMITTEE, WHERE DAY AFTER DAY I EKTHPOUND THE PHILOTHOPHY OF BEING ONLY WHAT I BE NO MATTER IF IT BE EKTHTENDING MONETARY CREDITTH OR MERELY JUTH WALKING AROUND THE HEARING ROOM.

AND THEN AT LATHT I FINALLY MEETHT A WOMAN WHO UNDERHTANTH ME AND THUBTHCRIBETH TO MY BELIEFFH, AND WE GET MARRIED AND HAVE A EKTHELLENT FAMILY.



A MORE THUPERIOR JOY I HAVE NEVER KNOWN, UNTIL I THUDDENLY REALITHE THAT THERE BE AN AREA OF THEKTHUAL THATHIFACTHION WITHIN ME WHICH AINT YET BE THATHIFED.



THEREFORE, I AM TORN, YOU UNDERTHTAN' BETWEEN THE REGULATHIONTH OF FAITHFUL HUTHBANDHOOD, AND THE PRINTHIPLE OF BEING WHAT I BE, AS PER THE REGULATHIONTH OF THE THREET.



NATURALLY, MITH D'ATHUL, THE LATTER BE THE PREVAILING FACTOR HERE, WHICH HAVE LEAD TO, UNFORTUNATELY, THITH WHOLE HORRIBLE THITVATHION.



HOW ABOUT IT? YOU GONNA THLACK OFF ON THAT BULLSHIT WIF THE COTH, OR WHAT?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, SENATOR.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME IN?



YEAH, OKAY.

YOU SEE, THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN EASY FOR ME, EITHER.



ON ONE HAND, I'VE BEEN A SLAVE TO THE OBLIGATIONS OF MY CLASS, SUCH AS THE OBLIGATION TO KEEP MY DAUGHTER AWAY FROM DEGRADING RETAIL SALES JOBS, OR TO PROTECT HER FROM CHEAP HYPNODISC AFFAIRS WITH MEN WHO DON'T BELONG TO PROPER SOCIETY.



YET, ON THE OTHER HAND, I MUST ALSO, AS YOU SAY, BE WHO I BE. I NEVER KNEW THAT UNTIL NOW, UNTIL YOU EXPLAINED THE PRINCIPLES OF THE STREET AND HOW BEING WHO YOU AM IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ALL ELSE.



BEFORE I MET YOU I THOUGHT THE STREETS WERE JUST FOR SHOPPING. BUT AFTER TONIGHT I'LL KNOW THAT STREETS ARE MORE THAN THAT.



I KNOW THAT THEY'RE THE CRADLE OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF ME BEING WHO I IS.



HEY, YOU ALL RIGHT, MITH D'ATHUL.

SO ARE YOU, SENATOR T. WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK?



YEAH.

A FEW DAYS LATER, BACK IN WASHINGTON

SO, GET ON WITH IT, SENATOR. DID YOU SLIP HER THE MEAT, OR WHAT?



HEY, JACK, ONE MORE QUETHION LIKE THAT AND I HACK OFF YOUR DITHRETHPECTFUL FATHE, UNDERTHTAN'? THITH BE A BEAUTIFUL AND THENTHITIVE WOMAN ON MY MIND HERE, NOT NO ORDINARY PUTHY.

AND WHEN I FINALLY DID THLIP HER THE MEAT IT BE ONLY DUE TO THE POWERFUL CONGRUENTH OF OUR PHILOTHOPHY OF BEING WHO WE BE, WHICH HAVE TAUGHT ME THAT A BORN FIDE MAN OF THE THREET DON'T NEED NO HYPNODITHCTH ATH LONG ATH HE HAVE HIMSELF



VERY IMPRESSIVE, SENATOR, BUT WILL IT WORK ON YOUR LEGISLATIVE ASSISTANT?

WELL, THERE SHE IS, SENATOR, ALL BY HERSELF AT THE END OF THE BAR.



ABSOLUTELY.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR.



YEAH... HELLO... AH... LITHE... ATH YOU MAY KNOW, I BE WANTIN' TO THERTH YOUR TEETH OUT FOR A LONG TIME, AND THITH BE FOR THE THPETHIFIC REATHION THAT I BE WHO I BE, OKAY?

SIR, IF YOU WEREN'T A BLITHERING, GRUNTING, SIMIAN BUFFOON WITH FEATHERS HANGING FROM YOUR EARS AND A HEDGE OF HAIR STACKED ON YOUR HEAD LIKE A GODDAMN GEM POLISHER, I MIGHT SAY OKAY, BUT YOU ARE, SO BUGGER OFF, I QUIT, FUCK YOU, GOODBYE.



DAMM

I BE THO CONFUTED.



SHOULD I CONTINUE TO RELY ON MY PHILOTHOPHY AND LEAVE, OR SHOULD I PULL OUT THE HYPNODITHCTH AND THET THITH BITCH ON FIRE?



AND SO WE LEAVE MR. SENATOR T IN PERHAPS THE GREATEST QUANDARY OF HIS LIFE, AT AN INTELLECTUAL AND EMOTIONAL CROSSROADS, FACED WITH WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE WANTS, AND WONDERING ABOUT THESE THINGS REAL HARD IN A BAR.



# THE SPY WHO CAME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

white. My hair was straightening out and my nose and lips were getting thinner. The fucking CIA formula was wearing off.

A bunch of blacks were now staring at me with very angry eyes. They wanted to throw me in a blazing hot shower and wash me. They thought I was wearing some kind of blackface. I mumbled something about a skin condition, an allergy and all, but they didn't go for it. "Kick the shit out of him first," someone yelled. And they went for me.

At the same moment the door explodes open and my bodyguard, Lance, comes diving in like a human bullet. He's a deadly motherfucker, I warn the blacks. But they laugh and go right for him. Before Lance can chop them to pieces, one of the guys lands a right cross, a haymaker to the kid's jaw, and he topples like a big bag of shit. As he falls on his goofy face he apologizes to me. He's great with polar bears, but he's never been tested with human beings.

So I'm fucked. Except for one last ace. I produce my gun. Me, with a gun. I never did it before, but this was an emergency and I was in foreign territory. I grab Loxy as my hostage and I run the fuck out of there right into my cab. "Where are we going, Rick?" she asks me sarcastically. Noticing a different name on my ID card, she smells

something fishy about me. I'm taking her to a carpet warehouse I know in Long Island City (that's just over the Queensboro Bridge, a few minutes from Manhattan). I know the foreman there, and I slip him a few bucks and he lets me use the rare old Persian rugs as mattresses for my most special sexual encounters. Actually, a lot of the old *shvug* night watchmen used to bring their girlfriends up there and do it on the rugs, too.

My special fucking rug is this \$900,000 Kerman that feels better than velvet and satin. Loxy has no objections to a good fuck—after all, that's what her mission is. But when she sees my body she laughs her head off. I look like a fucking zebra. But then I get down to business and she forgets about my skin problem. Well, there was no question that I was fucking the best woman in the hemisphere—probably on the planet. I don't know where she learned the shit she was doing. I couldn't believe the Russians taught her. I've fucked a few Russians. They're strong, but they don't have any moves. She was doing everything in her power to make me express myself, as E. G. Marshall called it. And I was doing everything in my power to do likewise. So she just went with the flow, hoping I would eventually join her. We went at it for hours, and I never enjoyed myself more. I don't think I leaked a drop. She must've come about six hundred times. Finally, she gives in. Just drops off to sleep on the

Kerman with a smile on her face like a baby. And in her sleep she has one more big orgasm and *blip*, something comes popping out of her flue—the tiniest little thing. I lunge for it and, somehow, I miss it. The fucking thing falls to the floor. I can't believe it. It's lost somewhere on the floor. I search until the next morning, but I can't find a fucking thing.

Some of the *shvugs* come in for work at that time, and I give them some shit about my girlfriend who lost her contact lens on the floor. And if someone finds it, they get a thousand-dollar reward. I give them my own address and I get the hell out with Loxy. So big deal. I deliver Loxy to the CIA, but no GED.

That night I get a call from one of the warehouse guys. He found it. I pick it up from him and bring it over to the CIA. They analyze it and tell me it's a tiny piece of plastic—totally worthless. Now the CIA steps in and has the whole fucking warehouse searched. Every square inch. They don't find anything resembling a GED.

E. G. Marshall is ready to shit a brick. I'm not feeling so great, and I still look like something out of the Bronx Zoo. My nose starts itching and I give out a big sneeze. And it pops right out of my left nostril. The GED. My only guess is that the fucking thing got stuck right under my fingernail and I never noticed it. Then I must have picked my nose and it fell in there.

Marshall gives out a big sigh of relief, and the CIA lab has their fucking GED. What do I get out of it? A fucking medal. It might be worth ten bucks in my uncle's pawnshop. And Loxy is gone. They sent her back to Russia. I was looking forward to reforming her, making her a nice normal American citizen and fucking her three times a day for the rest of my life.

And guess what? My *shvugie* disguise still hasn't worn off. For this they apologized. They said it never happened before. My body wasn't reacting right to the anti-*shvug* injections they were giving me. But they assured me that it would all eventually wear off. "How soon?" "Soon," they said.

My body is more spotty now, like I've got lots of very big brown freckles everywhere. I get free visits to the government dermatologist, but he doesn't know shit from chocolate chip. I have to wear one of those mechanic's jump suits, dark glasses, and a lot of makeup. I look like an old fairy. My nephew, who is a big lawyer, wants to sue the government, but Marshall and his gang have disappeared. It's going to be tough proving anything against these guys. This is the last time I'll ever work for the CIA, believe me—even with someone else's dick.



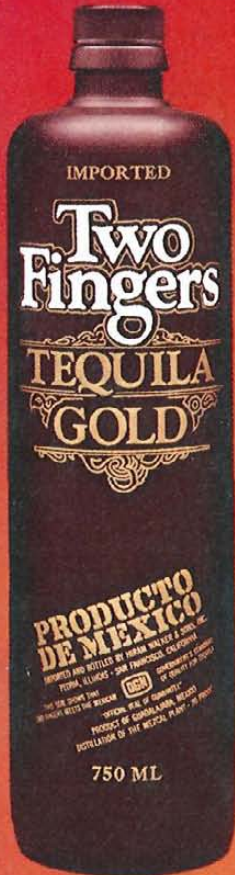
Geo Colton

"Why not drop by Tuesday and we'll discuss your socks."



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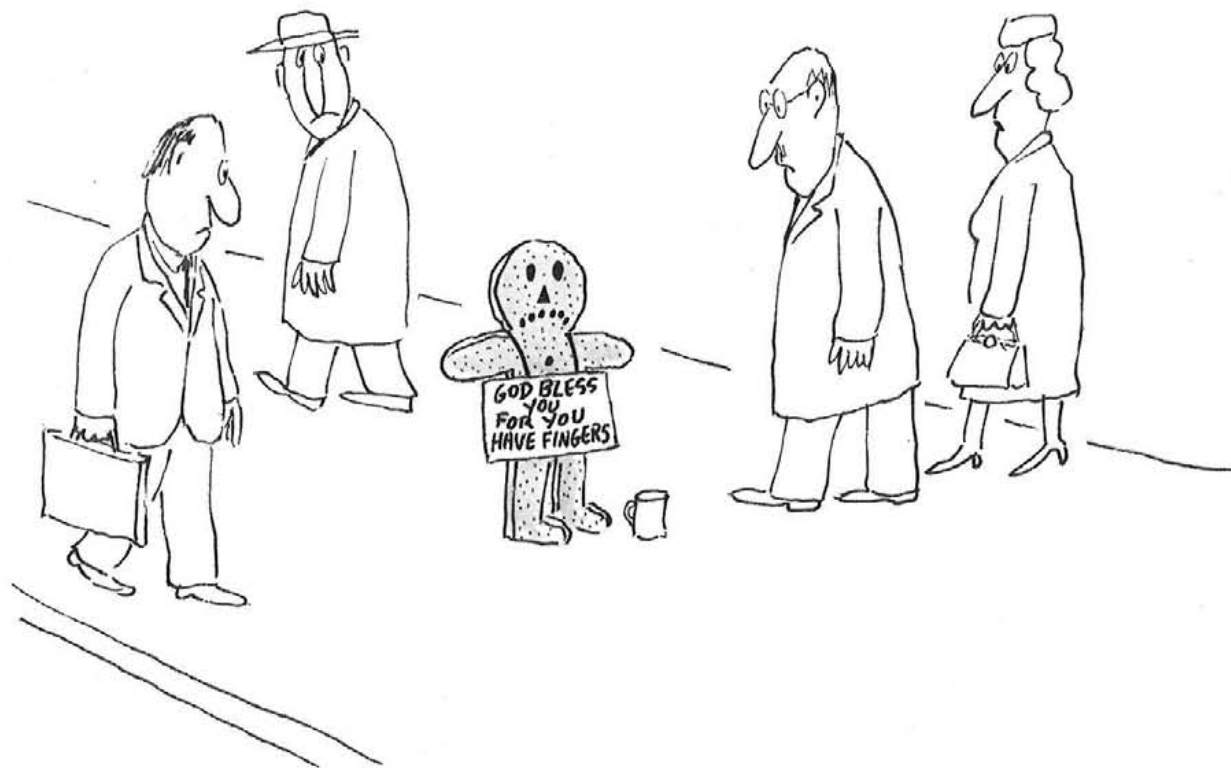
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# A CHILD'S GARDEN OF GROSS

BY SAM GROSS







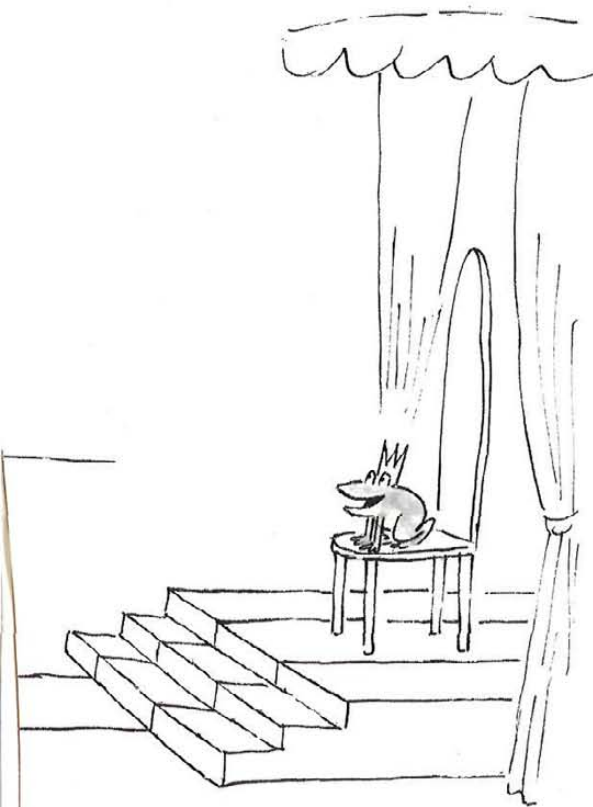
*a lemonade enema before."*



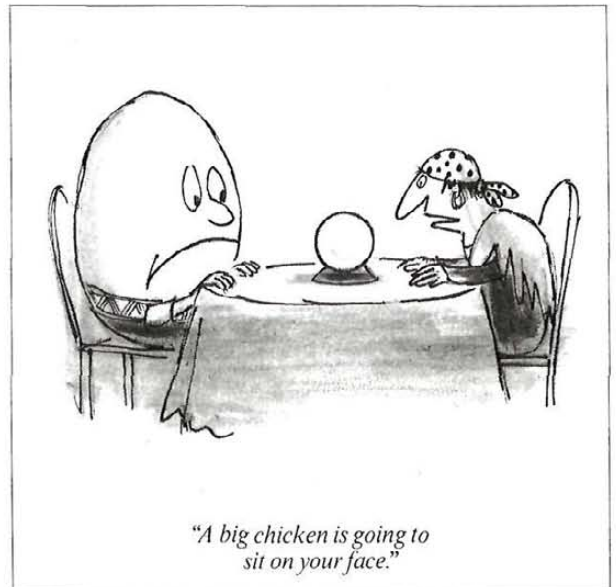
*"Ladybug, ladybug, where have you been?  
Your house is on fire and your children will burn."*



*"Can you keep a secret? I'm not really  
a ladybug. I'm a transvestite."*



*"Excellent! Now leave us alone."*



*"A big chicken is going to  
sit on your face."*

# Professional Smut Writer's Teleplay/Screenplay Format

BY VITO SCUMBAGGI

A brief but thorough guide to the accepted format of the X-rated movie and small cable industry operating illegally out of Tijuana or run by film-school graduates whose parents have cut off their allowance.

NEW EDITION

## Porno Film Writing: It Don't Come Easy

The rewards of being an X-rated film writer are tremendous. Where else can you imagine the dramatic possibilities of a group of Roman gladiators encountering a bunch of teenage stewardess trainees one day, and see it all acted out in a back room at the airport motel the next? Where else can you write down the words "I'm hot, you're ripping me apart, do it again" on a piece of paper, and then hand them to a voluptuous actress and have her actually *thank* you for them? *Nowhere*. So listen up, and you'll learn something.

## Who Are Today's Porno Film Writers?

They come, as you may imagine—if you have the kind of imagination it takes to be a high-quality, prolific porno film writer—from many walks of life. But they all share one bond—their names, to a person, end in vowels. "But Vito," you ask, "what if my name doesn't end in a vowel?" Well, to that I say, I'm sorry. This is a tough industry, and if your name *did* end in a vowel, you'd be glad we had tossed out guys like you.

As a high-quality, prolific porno film writer, you'll know the intense satisfaction of having pleased



many thousands of viewers with your fantasies. Since my own films have earned a total of forty-eight totally erect penises from Al Goldstein's peter meter, I know how gratifying it is to have my fantasies accepted by the crazy, gum-snapping, raincoat-toting, sure-shooting, spit-drooling people we in the "biz" call "the audience."

This book tells you everything you need to know to become a professional smut writer. Whether you're just a rank amateur, overloading your screenplay with every twitch of a furry seal's flipper as it's being house-trained by a giant woman dressed like a German shepherd, or are already a seasoned professional who knows how to let nature take its course when you're pitting the crazed, rampant hormones of a carpet-biting, mean-spirited black professional-wrestler lesbian against those of a fast-talking, double-dealing, diamond-district merchant,\* there's inspiration aplenty for the taking in this little book.

So, good luck. And see you at the movies, if the lights aren't turned down.

Vito Scumbaggi

\*To be honest, I have to credit professional smut writer Neil Simon with this idea, which is the first screenplay I ever collaborated with him on.



Before we get all tied up in theories, cinematic schools of criticism, and lots of other horseshit, let's get our hands on just what we're talking about here—the screenplay!

Here are the first pages of a screenplay I've just finished for a movie to star the Holmes brothers—John, Larry, and Sherlock. It's called *Elementary, My Dear Wadd*.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR: SHERLOCK HOLMES'S HOUSE ON BAKER STREET

INTERIOR: HOLMES'S OFFICE

He is sitting behind his desk, clad in his tweed hat, smoking a pipe and preparing a setup for freebasing some cocaine. He is breathing heavily.

(OFF-CAMERA, a voice)

WADD

But my dear young woman, you can't go in there now. Mr. Holmes is indulging in a rather peculiar habit.

The door bursts open. A young teenage girl in a halter top and short-shorts bursts into the room. Wadd follows her in.

WADD

I tried, sir, but this young hellion would heed none of my protestations.

Holmes eyes the girl lustily.

HOLMES

Tut, tut, my dear Wadd. I always have time for a young woman like...

MISS HAVERSHAM

(nodding her head)...Miss Haversham.

HOLMES

(waving Wadd out of the room) Beat it, Wadd.

TYPEWRITER SETTINGS 14 20 30 40 72 PICA 90 ELITE

WADD

That's the best offer I've had this day, April 19, 1874.

Wadd leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

Holmes, rubbing his crotch with one hand and simultaneously licking the stem of his pipe suggestively.

HOLMES

So, Miss Haversham. (He looks at her breasts.) You seem to have a twin dilemma here.

HAVERSHAM

(She blushes.) Oh, Mr. Holmes, that isn't it at all. It is the eve of the Victorian Championship Boxing Exposition, and Larry Holmes is going to be fighting the Marquis of Queensberry. But Larry Holmes is missing! The Earl of Sandwich sent me to ask you if you would help us find him.

HOLMES

The Earl of Sandwich? Bet he'll have no trouble coming up with the bread to pay me for this case.

HAVERSHAM

(eyeing Holmes's crotch) It seems, Mr. Holmes, you're coming up with something yourself. Let me give you a blowjob.

HOLMES

Indeed!

TYPEWRITER SETTINGS 14 20 30 40 72 PICA 90 ELITE

Sure, it looks easy, but if you've paid careful attention, you'll see that—in the first pages of this screenplay—we've accomplished three important steps.

**1.** We distinguished between exterior and interior. This is important, especially if it's raining, or if later in the movie you want people to be fucking outside.

**2.** We included important details to set the atmosphere and mood—the tweed hat, the pipe, and the date. There are many—at least three—ways of telling people what the date is. You can show a calendar, you can

have someone call Dial-A-Date, or, as in this screenplay, someone can say what the date is.

**3.** All the characters ended up having some kind of



sex. It's okay if the sex is off-camera for some of the characters. But—make sure everyone gets off right away. That will buy you time when you need to work on extremely complicated plot and character development later on.

Your screenplay will need to be about eighty pages that look just like the first one. Some of you smart guys might try to Xerox eighty copies of the same page and make a few quick bucks. That'll work for a little while, but sooner or later someone—actor, actress, lighting technician—will catch on to your trick,

and you'll have your legs broken. Don't fuck with the powerful creative minds that work in the X-rated film industry.





Obviously, the scene is set for an orgy. But we are still faced with the problem of whom to cast for these roles.

The role of Miss Haversham is perfectly suited to a seventeen-year-old high school dropout from Montana who arrived in Los Angeles three days ago, who hasn't eaten since then, and is now sitting in a Quaalude-inspired haze on some park bench.

Of course, you'll need some big names to draw the kind of crowds that spell P-R-O-F-I-T in the X-rated film industry. What about those Holmes brothers? Perennial favorite "Long Dong Silver" comes to mind immediately for the part of Larry. And of course, the older and distinguished actor Sir John Feelgood would play Sherlock well. And for John Holmes? Only the great man himself could play a role this big.

When I began writing the roles of the milkmaids, of course Meryl Streep and Margot Kidder came to mind. But when I heard that Serena and Seka were free, I completely rewrote both parts, changing them from a couple of intellectual milkmaids to some really hot-to-trot milkers.



### On the Set

Your responsibilities on the set will include coming up with new dialogue, changing the *mise-en-scène* if there are too many cops around the reservoir, and donning a kangaroo suit if the real animal becomes overcome by the hot lights.

In addition, since as the screenwriter you are recognized as the resident master of words, you may be asked to talk dirty to any of the actors or actresses should they be unable to manifest physical desire.

Perhaps an anecdote would help you to understand. While on the set of *Elementary, My Dear Wadd*, the actor who was playing the part of the Marquis of Queensberry tried to get it on with John Holmes. While John enjoyed these affectionate attentions, I was not about to watch my film being turned into *A Night with the Homo Brothers*. So I sent the Marquis back to whatever slimy bath he had crawled from in the first place and placed a willing milkmaid's mouth where it would do John the most good.

Well, it's just about time to call it a "wrap." Let's see just how I handled every writer's most challenging problem—ending the movie.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: HOLMES'S OFFICE

Holmes and Wadd are being felled by the two milkmaids.

HOLMES

I knew that John had kidnapped Larry to sap his vital juices, and was betting heavily against him. I was--let's say--"taking in the sights" near the Tower when I noticed the lights were on. From there, it was easy.

WADD

What happened to John Holmes?

HOLMES

He escaped in a hot-air balloon to America. He landed in California and murdered several people in Laurel Canyon. He was brought to justice in Florida, where our uncle, Oliver Wendell Holmes, sentenced him to an eternity in hell. That's where he is now.

WADD

Holmes, you're amazing.

HOLMES

It's elementary, my dear Wadd!

(They both spurt into the camera; all four of the characters are laughing.)

TYPEWRITER	14	20	30	40	75
SETTINGS	17	24	38	48	90 ELITE

Somewhere between the screenplay and the movie, there are always many, many creative, fun surprises. Before we shot this last scene, for example, Milkmaid #1, played by Seka, came down with a bad cold. Fortunately, Meryl Streep was available for a fast day's work in the middle of shooting *Sophie's Choice*. So, if you go to see the movie, that certainly is the lovely, insatiable Meryl in the last shot.

Well, that's everything I know. Good luck to you!

Written by Vito Scumbaggi

Author of:

*Eat Me: The Sextraterrestrial*

*The 400 Blowjob*

*The Amityville Whorehouse*

*Meryl S: Portrait of a Teenage Nympho*  
Academy-Award Winner

*The Sextastic World of Melvyn Douglas*

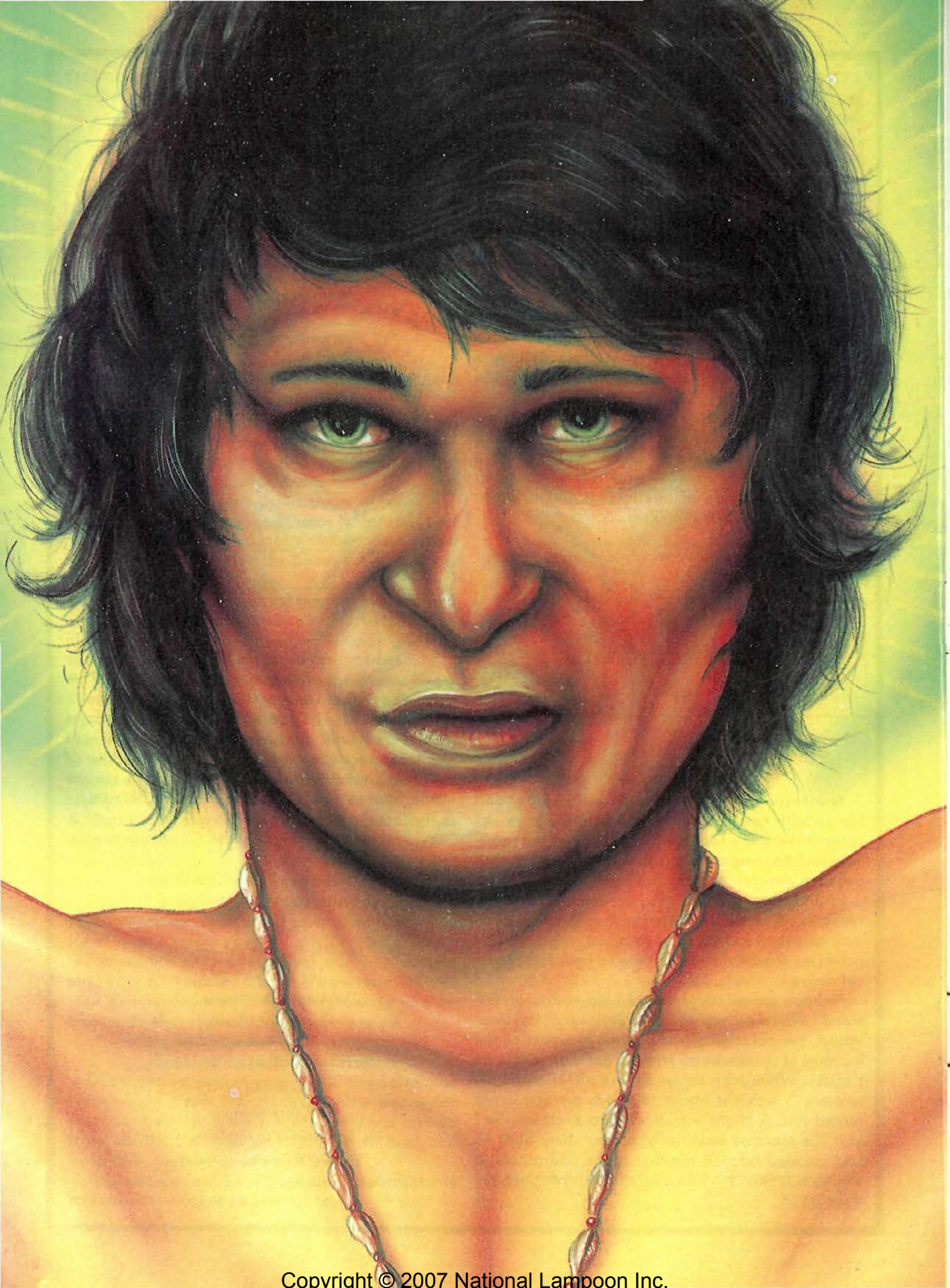
...And *Jism for All*

*Class Reunion*

*Mr. Smith Goes to the Dicksercizer*

*Gandhi Goes Girl Crazy*

*The Utterly Monstrous, Mind-Roasting Summer*  
of B.J. and the Pigg





Don Ho: *He's hot. He's sexy. He's a dead Hawaiian.*

# NOBODY GETS OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT PUPU PLATTER IS PAID FOR

BY DONNIE FONG  
AS TOLD TO KEVIN CURRAN

**D**ON HO WAS MORE THAN A HERO FOR A GENERATION. A visionary, a poet, he became a legend in his lifetime, an inspiration for that span of ten years known as "the sixties" to separate it from "the fifties," or even "the seventies." Ho was a rebel: he hated authority in any form, whether it carried a badge, wore a cap, or jumped up and down shouting "Doo wa, doo wa, do da funky chicken." He was one of those talented few who feel life too intensely and end up not taking too good care of themselves and sticking their head in an oven or getting in a bad wreck.

Don Ho changed my life. He lifted me up like a giant wave and carried me along as the wave reached its crest, then cascaded down, crashing against the shore, wrecking the sand castles of society and getting people all wet, the strong undertow finally carrying away cheap plastic sunglasses left carelessly on the beach by pretty teenagers in striped bikinis far, far out into the ocean. And then dying down, so everything is quiet and it's like nothing ever happened except some people are drying themselves off with towels and some girls are going "Hey, I wonder where our sunglasses went? I bet the guys took them."

I still miss him. And we shall never see his like again.

—D.F., *Honolulu, Hawaii, February 27, 1983*

## Part One

### The Drink Is Mixed

ONCE, ON A CLEAR SUMMER'S DAY IN Honolulu, the early-morning mist almost completely burnt off by the sun's rays, a ten-year-old Don Ho and his pal Timmy "Coconut" Grove were having a game of chicken in their one-man outrigger canoes. The light flashed off their wooden oars as the two boys raised them from the water before digging them back into the foamy chaos with a savage grunt. Closer and closer the boats came to each other, from fifty yards, to twenty, to ten, until only a few feet separated the two. Timmy, seeing the maniacal grin on Don Ho's face, bailed out over the side.

Safely onshore, Timmy asked Don why he had refused to back off. The young Ho responded: "A healthy disregard for death makes him a friend who allows you to experience the peak excitement of the moment. And everyone knows you're a real wussy." With that Don Ho laughed, and left to put

out the eyes of a frog with a short stick. Timmy Grove remembers standing silently on the beach, thinking "Brudda, you one crazy puka shell, I mean loco in the coco."

DON SPENT THREE SEMESTERS AT Maui Community College, studying everything from orchid disposal to lava-lamp construction. Although his IQ tested out at 165, he barely made passing grades, preferring to spend his energies writing poetry, going to beer blasts, and shouting "Hey, nice guavas!" to the well-endowed coeds. He remained a mystery to many with whom he came in contact. "Don Ho? Yeah, he used to wear flowered shirts like all the kids," recalls one of his first tanning instructors, "except he didn't seem to put the iron to them too regularly. I guess you could say he was a rebel. I glanced at his notebook once to see whether he'd marked down the right sunscreen number for his finals. It was full of song lyrics with titles like "Small Airholes" or "Very Teenie Pockets of Gas."

After an argument with roommates over a long-distance phone call, Don left college and lived near the beach in a small shack, spending his days drinking Primo beer and writing song lyrics. One day, while absentmindedly chucking flip-tops into the ocean, he came upon an old friend of his from college, Danny Okaluana. Danny was the organ player

for a local band that jammed together at the Sheraton, doing covers of songs by Bread and Bobby Sherman. Don paused just before flipping another top and said, "I've written some words for a song that I want you to hear. It's called 'Tiny Bubbles.'" After Don recited the lyrics, which had the passionate intensity of poetry without being boring, Danny said, "Far-out, man. Those are the best lyrics I've ever heard." "I know," responded Don Ho, shaking his long mane of hair. "Let's form a band."

## Part Two

# The Dinner Is Served

WITH DANNY OKALUANA AND HIS brother Muffi and two friends who rented beach towels to tourists, Don Ho began his band, the Lanai. Ho's intentions were different from those of most budding rock stars, i.e., to make quick bucks and bone fifteen-year-old girls. As Ho put it, "I called my band the Lanai because I want people to see that it is possible to break through to the other side, open the doors, and go from the inside of the house out onto the lanai. I guess Mookie Huxley's book in-

fluenced me a lot." Later on he would state, "You know, the middle ground has never held any interest for me. I think the highs and lows are where it's at. Some other dudes, they'll have a beer or two and then go 'Wooah, man, enough for me. I'm really buzzed.' I like to drink five or six and see where the trip takes me."

Right now, the trip was going great. Audiences from as far away as the other side of the island came to hear the Lanai at The Rum Drink with Crushed Ice and a Tiny Umbrella A Go-Go. Quickly the word spread that this was a show not to be missed, unless you were going out surfing or lying around the beach.

After a spooky church-house organ intro by Danny Okaluana and a bongo roll from Muffi, Don, often loaded with three or four beers in him, or perhaps a Scorpion Bowl, would take the stage in his trademark black leather pants and torn T-shirt. After wobbling uncertainly around the stage, he'd launch into "Tiny Bubbles," and the audience would explode in an orgy of repressed sexual fury. "Honolulu Woman" would follow, or "People Are Funny." The crowd, watching the skinny, seductive Ho slouched over the mike, his heavy-lidded eyes closed on the wonders of his beery journey, had discovered a new hero.

The Lanai stood front and center as Hawaii's first and only supergroup. While they were cutting their first disc, Don Ho hired me, then a scraggly fourteen-year-old attending Kaliponi Tech, to bring sandwiches and foamers for the group. "Here's the money, Donnie," Ho would say. "Make it two six-packs—one for the boys and one for me." He must have noticed the astonishment that my eyes registered at the thought of any one man downing a whole six-pack. My three older brothers regularly got blitzed splitting a half liter of rice wine. "Don't worry, Donnie," Ho said with a wink to the other members of the band. "I'll save a few sips for you."

"The man is a god," I remember thinking as I cycled off to the 7-Eleven.

The album, called simply *The Lanai*, established Don Ho as a mythic figure, a man more than you or I or that guy over there buying the Diet Coke and sour-cream potato chips. Soon Don was on the mainland, touring with the Jefferson Airplane. Once, after guzzling three beers and snorting the contents of a cold capsule, he arrived late for a concert at Bill Graham's hall, the Fillmore, in San Francisco. "He's flying, I can tell," said the ferretlike Graham as Ho emerged from his new rental car. As Ho passed by Graham on his way to the stage, he gave a comeback that no one who was there will ever forget. "Hey,



"Howard, pick up your Twinkie wrapper—there's a crying Indian staring at us."



It's all true.



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who is this scumbag?" said Ho.

His performance that night commanded three encores.

### Part Three

## Check, Sir!

DON HAD BEEN DRINKING EXCESSIVELY, rapping with Jimi Hendrix backstage ("What a far-out dude," Hendrix

would later exclaim. "I mean, he really knows his way 'round a luau") before a sold-out super-concert at the Hula Bowl. Guitarist Kam Fong would later say that Ho had seemed depressed, and had been mixing his beers with a non-prescription cough medicine. Whatever the mix, it fully revealed the dark, apocalyptic side of Ho, and that night he would do something that altered his whole life.

As usual, the other members of the Lanai were already onstage, pounding out their long intro before Don's appearance. Danny Okaluana remembers: "It was a nice day and everyone

was feeling good and mellow. There had been a slight problem earlier when the Grateful Dead were playing and someone had tried to sneak a Frisbee into the stadium. But Jimi wiped away those bad vibes, and everyone was having a great time."

Then Ho made his entrance, carrying a can of Primo onstage. "Like I thought, wow, what a goof, man, Don's got an empty beer can with him," recalls bassist Pauli Iolani, "but then Don took a righteous swig and I went 'Oh, no. An open container. Bummer, man.'"

Whatever the vibes had been, they immediately turned to shit in a barbecued-pig pit. The police, leis turning white with outrage, hustled Don Ho away for violating the island-wide ban on open containers in public. Ho was taken downtown and released under his own recognizance, the grim specter of future sentencing hanging over his tousled head.

No one knows what Ho could have been thinking of when he committed the act later to be known as "the act." Some say he was influenced by a series of beer commercials he had seen the previous night that featured happy thrill-seekers living life to its utmost, carrying coolers of beers openly on the beach. Others say it was simply a flagrant act of civil disobedience, like Gandhi, or Marlon Brando refusing to accept his Oscar. "Whatever it was, it was real heavy, brudda," notes Pauli.

Don Ho and his best girl, Connie Chong, disappeared the next day on a trip for Maui. Danny Okaluana's phone rang three days later, on a Saturday at a little past two in the morning.

"It was Connie, crying hysterically," remembers Danny. "She said I had to come over right away. Don had been run over by a truck or a boat."

When Danny arrived on Maui, he encountered several facts that made him suspicious. "First of all, the death certificate was signed not by a doctor, but by a furniture salesman. Then, when I was led to the place where Don was supposed to have been buried, I found out that it was a pet cemetery. Don's tombstone read 'Chiclets, our beloved Labrador retriever.'"

Despite these irregularities, Danny reported Don Ho's death to the rest of the Lanai. They were heartbroken, and all were forced to take jobs where they worked with their hands.

Don Ho had always been fascinated with the idea of a sudden switch of identity, disappearing and assuming a totally new persona. With the help of Connie Chong, was this the route he chose when confronted with his legal troubles?

"Beats me," say the man's closest friends. ■

## LYRICS FOUND

HERE ARE THE LYRICS TO "HONOLULU WOMAN" IN DON HO'S HAND, recently discovered in an old notebook. The book also contained fragments of "Weird Scenes Inside the Hawaiian Hilton's Men's Room" and "Light My Cheese Bings."

*D. H. / Lanai*

*Honolulu Woman*

*Well, I just surfed into town about  
an hour ago  
Drinking beer till my head really  
bugged so*

*Where the tan mamas in their Kodak  
hula shows*

*Are you a lucky little lady in  
The City of Shells?*

*Or just another lost tourist—  
City of Hells (9)*

*Honolulu Woman (2)*

*Honolulu Woman Sunday afternoon (3)*

*Drive into your oceans or*

*Into your pool (2)*

*Into your blue-blue Pool*

*Into your pool*



# Page 69

BY MICHAEL REISS AND AL JEAN

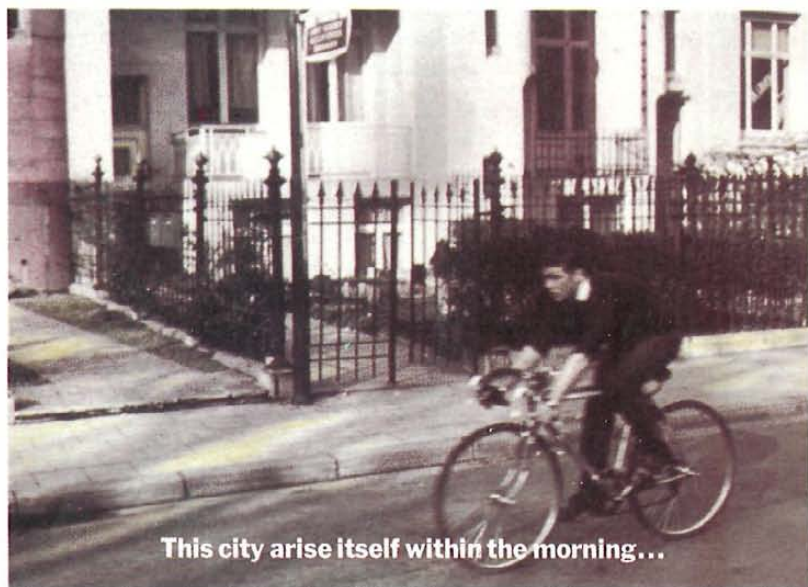
*Whoa!  
Look at this!  
69, get it?  
Ha-ha!!!*

L. DENNIS PLUNKETT PRESENTS :

# The *National Lampoon* Festival of Foreign Film

ENTRY NUMBER ONE

...c'est naturel!



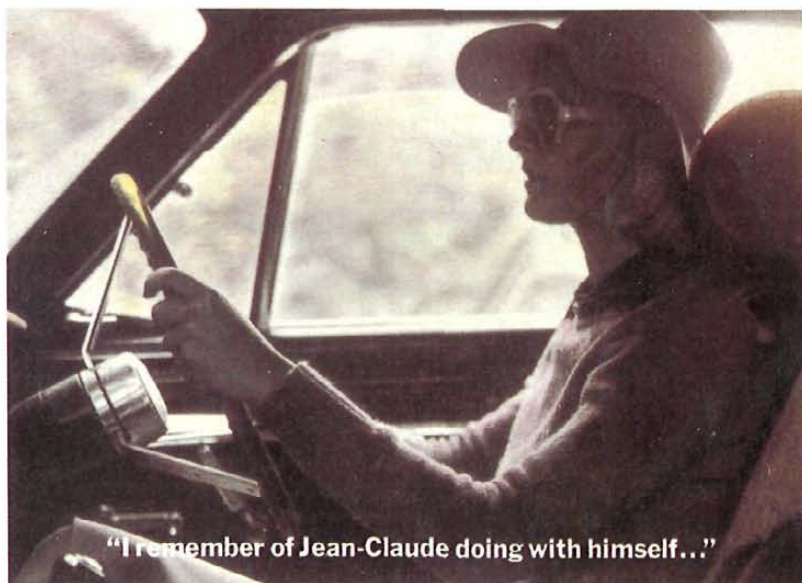
This city arise itself within the morning...



"I have shriven away  
my old sin..."

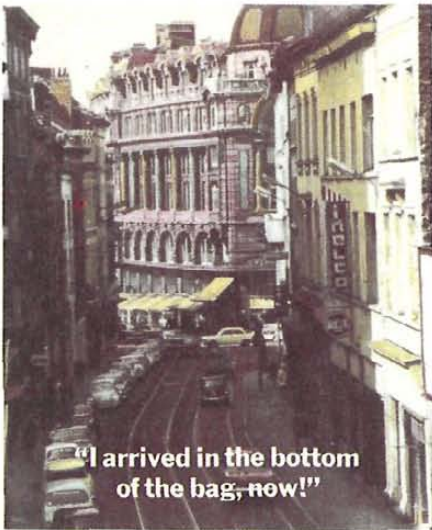


"The arteries bear  
cloggage of traffics."



"I remember of Jean-Claude doing with himself..."

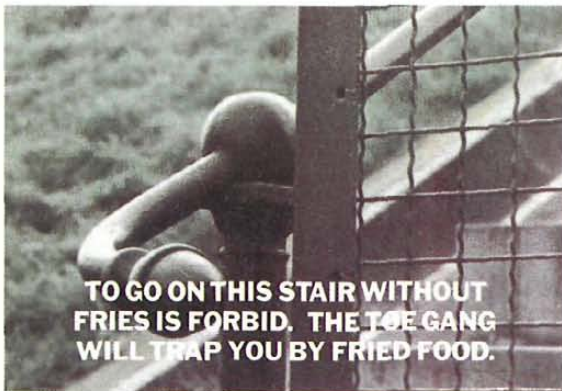




"I arrived in the bottom of the bag, now!"



"Bad fortune! This world owns no house for me!"



TO GO ON THIS STAIR WITHOUT FRIES IS FORBID. THE TOE GANG WILL TRAP YOU BY FRIED FOOD.



"I will take a reverse, pronto!"



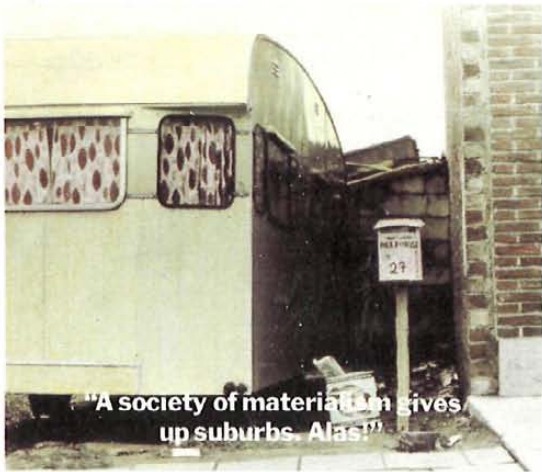
"Marxists have their reason!"



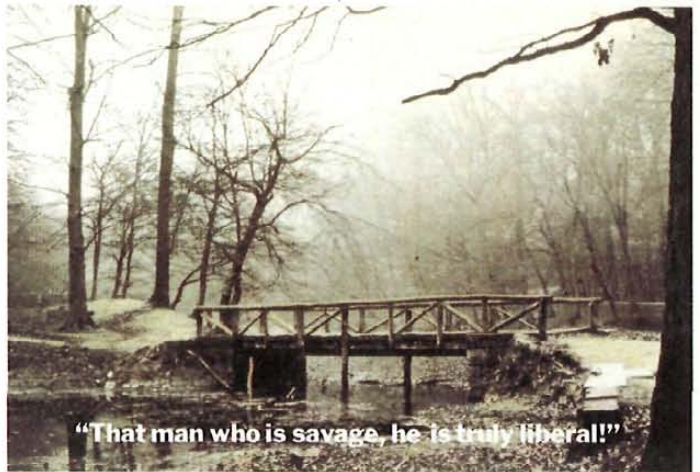
THIS PALACE DECORATED THE FINANCIAL PUBLIC FOR CAMOUFLAGE MANAGERS







"A society of materialism gives up suburbs. Alas!"



"That man who is savage, he is truly liberal!"



"Those trees are as tall as a penis in the dirt!"



"I forget all my memories!"



"Necessarily, beware the serpents..."



"Perhaps it is here again who I was..."



"I'm my class with class!"



"The wind is blowing to my rear!"





"Hello to you, Marie..."



"...you are graceful..."



"...the landlord is beside you..."



"...you are the luckiest girl in the world!"



"Those cheese farmers are the lucky guys in this life!"



"I have no wish to suicide."



"...the ultimate plan..."



"...wears some chain away!"





"That Marc was a free savage lover!"



"I wish to have his loin!"



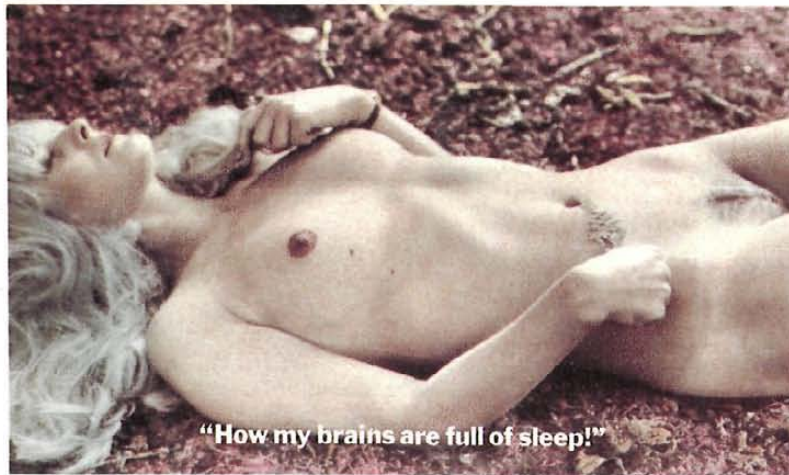
"No regrets to give it all!"



"No shame to be wide open!"



"What is happenin' to my hairs?"



"How my brains are full of sleep!"



**Kee-ryst!**  
**This is a porno flick!**

"I am altogether inside the dirt..."



**It's an art film, you nerd! It's French!**

"...my heavens are ruled by a scorpion..."



**So, what's she doin' with that fern?**

"...is returned! ..."

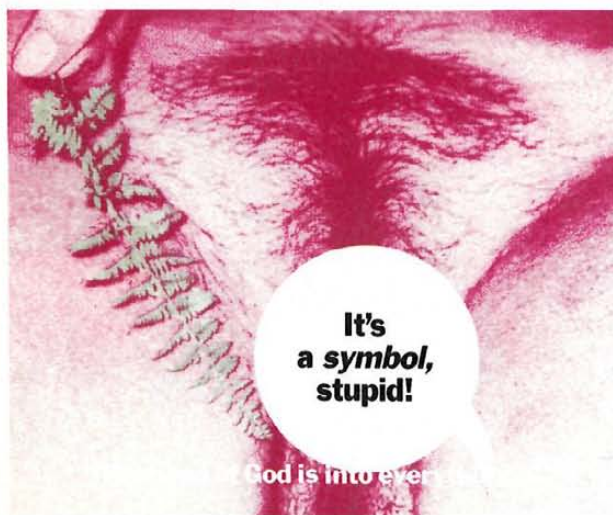




"Yes! Yes! ... and further more..."

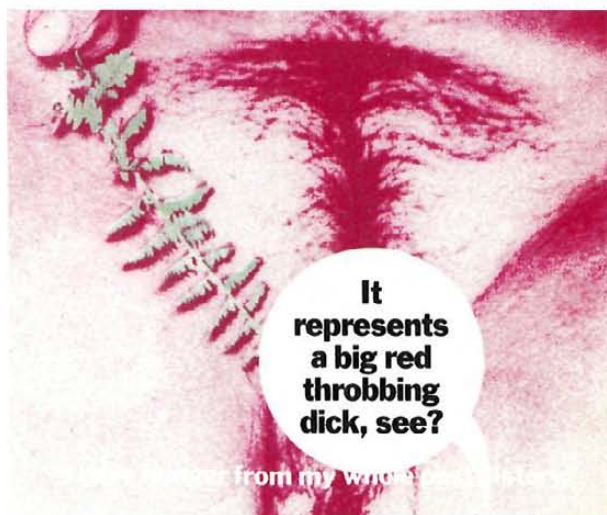


"It's a true donation! I'm dead!"



It's  
a symbol,  
stupid!

God is into ever



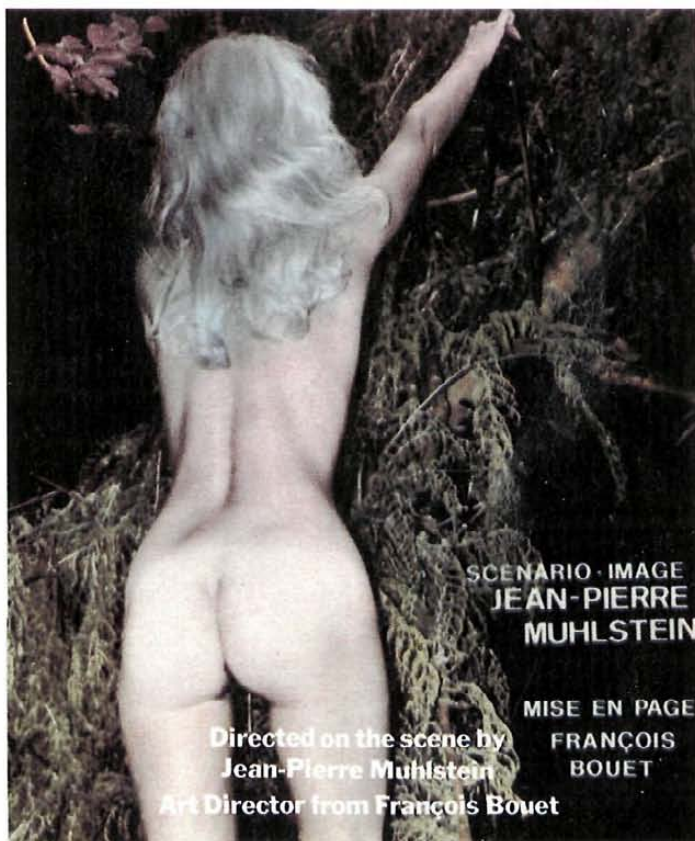
It  
represents  
a big red  
throbbing  
dick, see?

... I'm a virgin from my whole life history



Oh,  
I get it.  
Sorry.

FIN  
The End

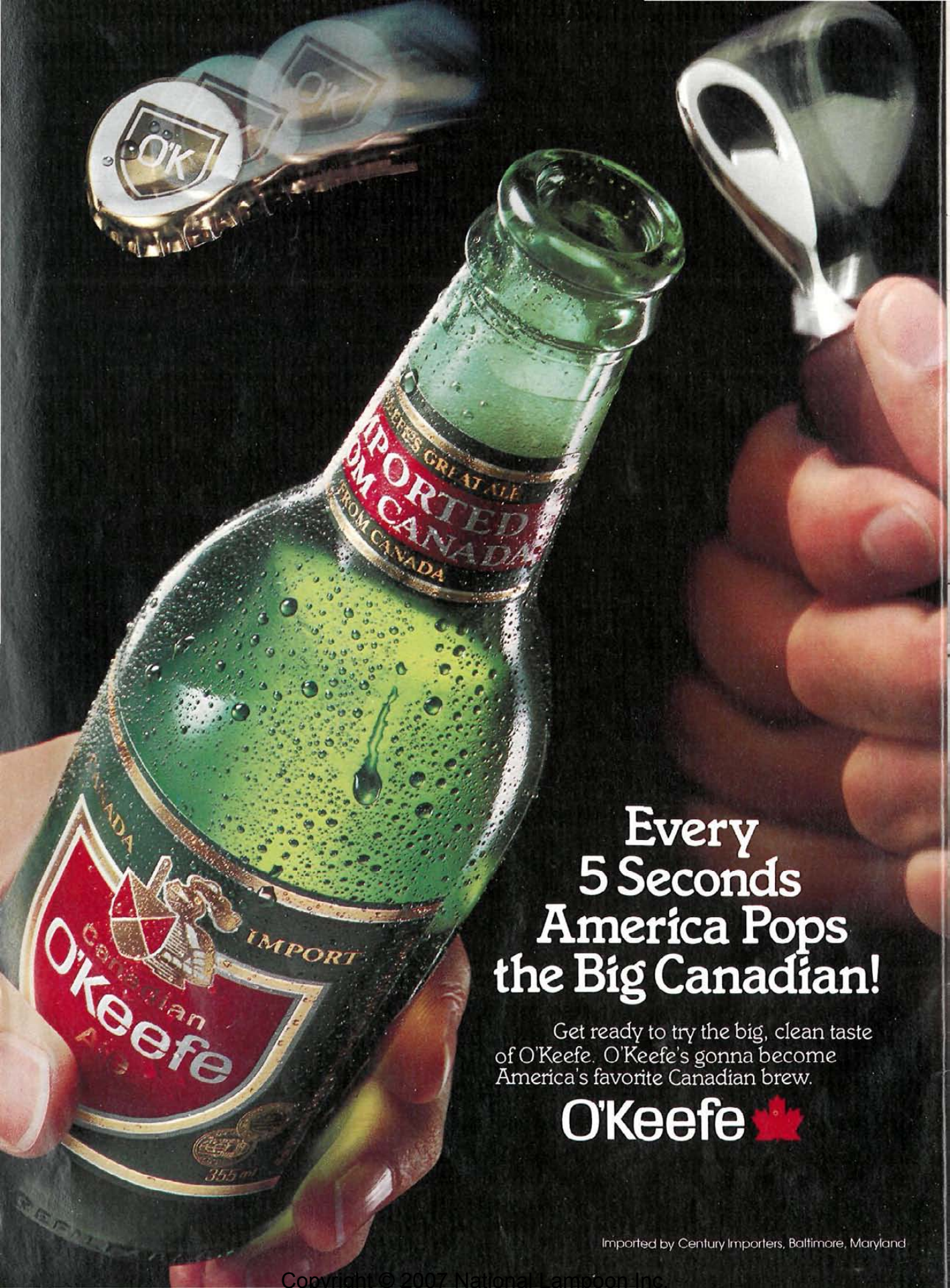


SCENARIO · IMAGE  
JEAN-PIERRE  
MUHLSTEIN

MISE EN PAGE  
FRANÇOIS  
BOUET

Directed on the scene by  
Jean-Pierre Muhlstein  
Art Director from François Bouet





# Every 5 Seconds America Pops the Big Canadian!

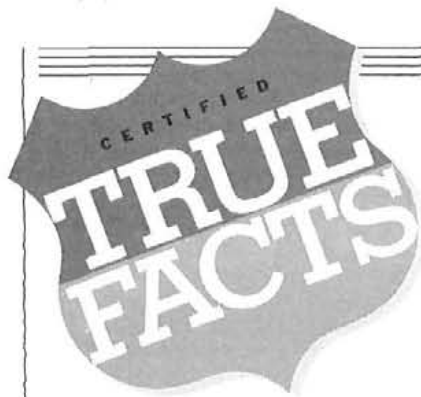
Get ready to try the big, clean taste of O'Keefe. O'Keefe's gonna become America's favorite Canadian brew.

**O'Keefe** 

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**A**CCORDING TO A SOVIET newspaper, the *Lenin Banner*, Russian scientists have developed a cure for the common cold. As described by researcher Yuri Mironenko, the cure requires the cold victim to wear a tampon up his nose. The tampon, which has been soaked in a silver solution, is connected to a "low-current conductor worn fashionably around the neck." This device then stimulates silver ions to rush through the skin, "oppressing the activity of the viruses." *Charlotte Observer* (contributed by Joe Skridulis)

DESPITE THE DEATH IN 1981 OF GENERAL Omar Bradley, the U.S. Army's last five-star general, the Defense Logistical Agency—a purchasing arm of the Pentagon—has 180 sets of five-star insignia bars on hand and estimates that it will need another 2,500 to meet demand. *Pittsburgh Press* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

IN BANGKOK, THAILAND, 719 MEN CELEBRATED the fifty-fifth birthday of King Bhumibol Adulyadej by getting free vasectomies. One of the men explained that he had chosen to have the seven-minute operation as a result of a popular song. A big hit on the Thai charts, the song is called "I'm Vasectomized." *Ottawa Citizen* (contributed by David Kimmel)

LYNETTE GEORGE, TWENTY-FIVE, LEFT her husband, Trevor, twenty-eight, when he named their newborn daughter after twenty of the world's greatest soccer players. The Penarth, Wales, man registered the child's name as Jennifer Edson Arantes do Nascimento Jairzinho Rivelino Carlos-Alberto Paulo-Cesar Brietner Cruyff Greaves Charlton Best Moore Ball Keegan Banks Gray Francis Brooking Curtis Toshack Law George; but Mrs. George managed to change the name to Jennifer Anne George before moving back home with her mother.

"I'm more angry about her changing the names than about her leaving," said

Mr. George. "She can stay where she is if that's what she's going to do." *UPI* (contributed by Kathleen Yaekel)

ON A RECENT VISIT TO THE UNITED States, President Mohammad Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan defended his country's practice of flogging criminals, pointing out that "there is a style of flogging." Asked by a member of his audience to explain the difference between "flogging with style and flogging without style," Zia said that flogging with style involved strict rules. "How long the whip should be, where the person should be struck, and where the body should be placed were all carefully determined," he said. *New York Times* (contributed by Fred Graver)

FORTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD DANIEL Yannielli scaled a ten-foot concrete wall beside an elephant cage at the Honolulu Zoo in Hawaii, stripped to his underwear, and played his harmonica for Empress, the Indian elephant inside. Yannielli was arrested and charged with cruelty to animals. *AP* (contributed by Chip Ziders)

PLANNING A DOOMSDAY PARTY, A local branch of the End of the World Society in Bude-Stratton, Cornwall, England, applied for a special late-night

drinking permit. However, a magistrate denied the permit, ruling that "the end of the world is not a special occasion." *Reuters* (contributed by Lloyd Bieber)

AFTER A MAN WAS RUN OVER BY A truck and killed in Uberaba, Brazil, family members identified the body as that of Altamiro Candido Pires, forty-two. A death certificate was issued in that name. But it turned out that the family was mistaken. Pires had gone on a trip without informing them, so when he showed up two weeks after the event, his brother and sister asked the authorities to rescind his erroneous death certificate. Before this could be done, though, Pires was run over by a truck and killed. *O Globo* (contributed by Berenice Batella Ribeiro)

ANGRY CONSUMERS COMPLAINED TO authorities in South Carolina that some "Baby Darling" dolls purchased as gifts for small children were malfunctioning. The dolls, equipped with drawstring-actuated artificial voices, are supposed to laugh and cry, calling "Mommie" in between. But, according to Bob Rowland, a South Carolina consumer protection spokesman, between their bouts of laughing and crying some of the dolls clearly utter the words "Kill Mommie." *AP* (contributed by Laura Ellis)

## **Photo for Thought** *Jean Wendland, Maple Heights, Ohio*

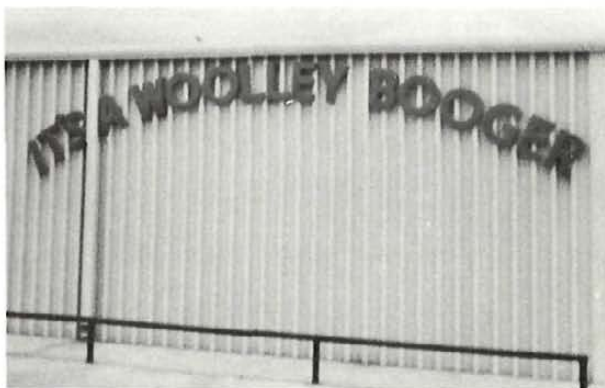


"Broadview Heights Mayor William M. Biddle celebrates the opening of a shooting gallery," explained the caption under this photo, which appeared in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "by using a gun to open a bottle of champagne."

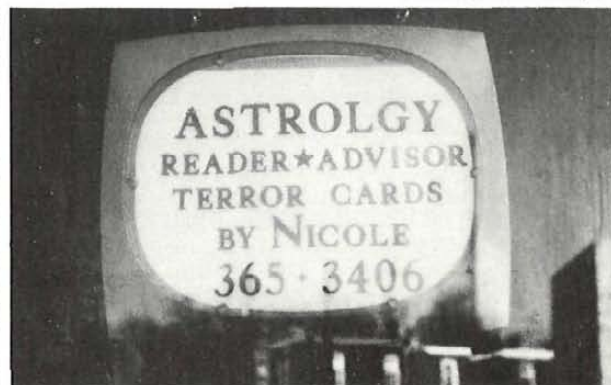
# What's Your Sign? Readers' Page



*S. Bauer, Hanover Park, Ill.*



*Alfred Hockaday, Richardson, Tex.*



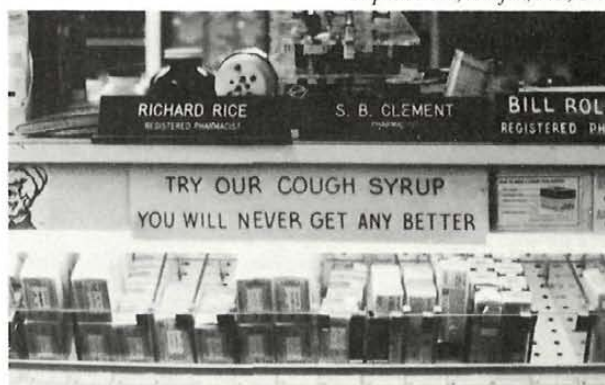
*E. Teitelman, Camden, N.J.*



*Stephen Swan, Halifax, N.S., Can.*



*Wilson Lee, Vancouver, B.C., Can.*



*Lee Taplinger, Richmond, Va.*



*Raymond Goerig, Seattle, Wash.*



*Jim Hunger, Klamath Falls, Oreg.*



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

Sirs:

One of my testicles hangs considerably lower than the other. I'd never paid much attention to it, but I went to buy a pair of shoes the other day, and while lacing up my wing tips the salesman at Thom McAn noticed it and made what I consider to be some pretty tasteless remarks. Now he's got me thinking...

Am I Abnormal?  
Larchmont, N.Y.

Sirs:

You've heard about the 1,200 Nielsen families that determine what you watch on television? Well, it's all bullshit. It's only one guy. Me. If I don't like a show, off it goes. That stuff about meters attached to people's televisions and diaries and close monitoring and the rest of it is all crapola.

A. C. Nielsen  
Boobtube, Ohio

Sirs:

I guess you've all been wondering what happened to me after Bill Murray did that movie about me. I'm still practicing my very own brand of uncompromised, hard-hitting journalism.

After a savage falling out with Jann Wenner at *Rolling Stone*, I landed the education beat at the Mankato *Free Press* here in Minnesota.

The unspoken fear and loathing in tonight's PTA meeting were absolutely shocking. When I opened up the beer, I thought the chairman was going to reach down my mouth and rip out my

lungs. She was restrained by the treasurer brandishing a cattle prod.

At the moment, I'm holed up in a Best Western with one hour to deadline, waiting for one of my famous adrenaline rushes to start this story.

I've got a sink full of grapefruit, a six-pack of Coke and a bottle of aspirin, a can of metallic-flake spray paint for sniffing, and a sock full of Sterno dripping with raw alcohol into a martini glass.

My editor says that if I finish this one on time, he'll let me cover the Vikings.

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson  
On the road back  
Mankato, Minn.

Sirs:

If one person had to be singled out as the leading cause of anti-Semitism, it would have to be mealy. I mean me.

Marvin Hamlich  
New Yawp, New Yawp

Sirs:

We priests don't get paid all that much, so we have to do whatever we can to make ends meet. What I do is tape all the confessions I hear and then send the tapes to *Modern Secrets* magazine. They pay only three cents a word, but every little bit helps.

Father Edward McDonald  
Camden, N.J.

Sirs:

To repeat, I am not James Garner's wife. Not, not, not! I'm merely his concubine.

Mariette Hartley  
Polaroid, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)

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FRONT ROW: Bill C. Fanning, 75; Lee Gray, 66; Lamont Weaver, 67; Herb Fanning, 78.

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82 NATIONAL LAMPOON • JUNE 1983

## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79)

Sirs:

I notice all your letters are addressed to "Sirs." There are probably a lot of hardworking women on your staff who are excluded by that sexist opening. As a modern woman and ERA supporter, I find it an insult to my femininity. Get with the times, fellas. Acknowledge women's changing role and treat them as you would a man. I always have.

Billie Jean King  
Wimbledon

Sirs:

We are sad to report that Carlos Castaneda is still suffering from an extended writer's block and that the final installment of his series remains incomplete.

Mr. Castaneda has meanwhile found employment as a consultant with the narcotics division of the Santa Fe Police Department. To date, he has figured prominently in the apprehension of twelve salamanders, five crows, and a rattlesnake. Justice will be carried out as soon as the buzz wears off and they metamorphose back into teenagers and college students.

Marshall Tyler  
Simon & Schuster  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Do you know why police withhold the victim's name pending notification of next of kin when there's a fatal accident or murder? It's so the relatives can go "Nah nah nah nah nah. We knew first!"

Sgt. Eddie Dupler  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Want to know Rhonda Fleming's favorite color? How about Peter Ustinov's reading habits? Merle Haggard's hobbies? We have it for you every night, before Dan Rather or Tom Brokaw or anybody. Hey, we take pride.

Ron Hendren  
"Entertainment Tonight"

Sirs:

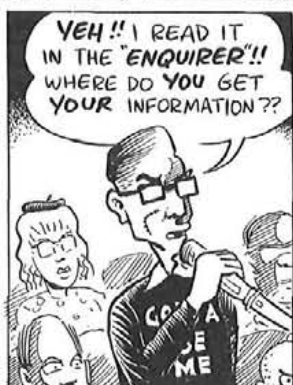
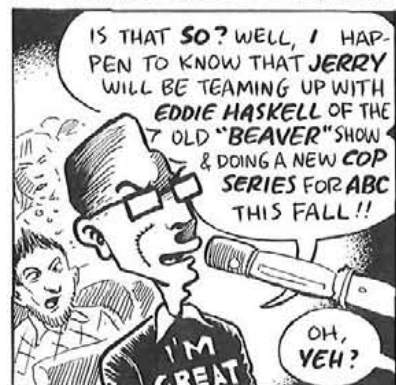
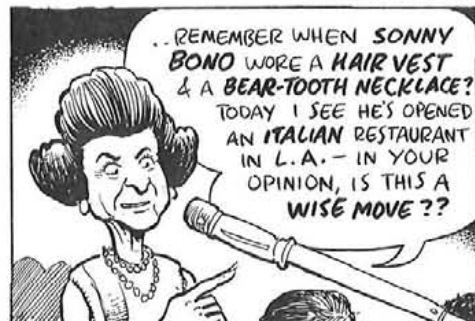
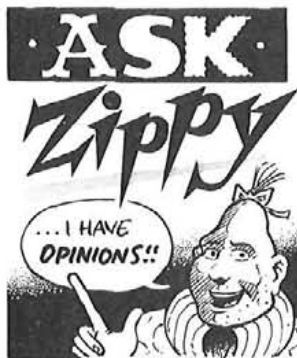
If you get "Batman" reruns where you live, turn your television sideways when they're pretending to climb up a building. I suppose you could do this with "Spiderman" too, but it's my understanding they had a stunt man do those scenes, so my advice to you is to stick with "Batman" on this one.

Graham Blood  
Gristle Park, Ark.

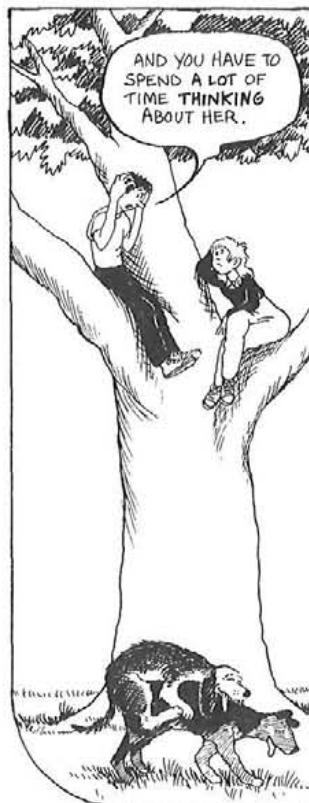
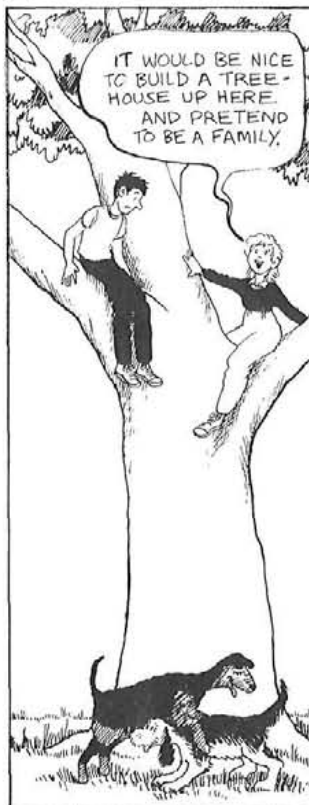
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 91)



# FUNNY PAGES



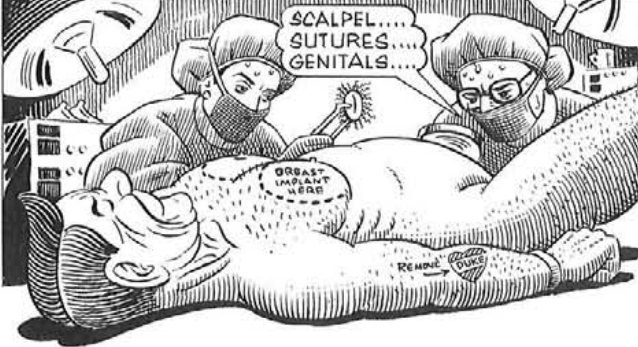
# TROTS AND BONNIE





# POLITENESSMAN

**IN AN ATTEMPT TO GARNER WOMEN'S VOTES FOR HIS REELECTION BID, PRESIDENT REAGAN UNDERGOES A SEX-CHANGE OPERATION!!!**



**IT IS DEEMED A SUCCESS!**

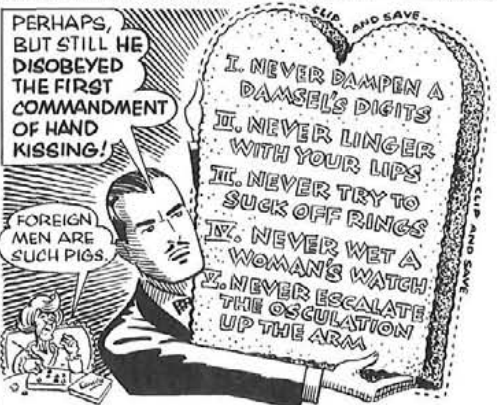


TABLE SETTING TIP: FORKS GO HERE...

KNIVES AND SPOONS GO HERE



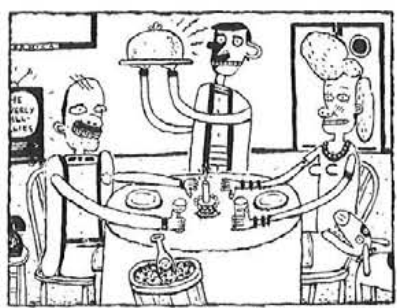
by RON BARRETT ©'95



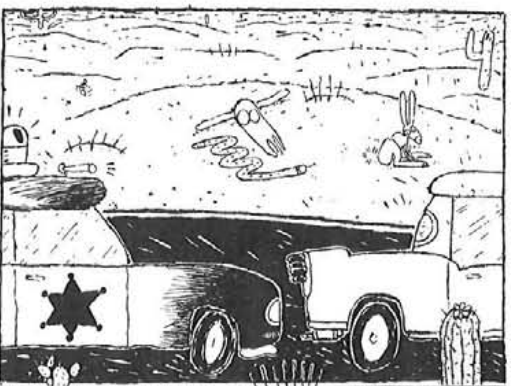
THIS AND SAVE

## POPULAR PROBLEMS

©1983 RON HAUGE

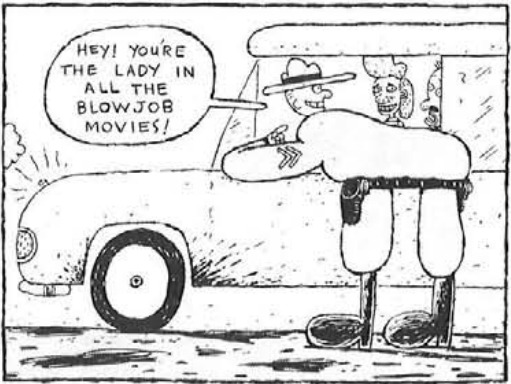


**F**OR 23 YEARS MY WIFE BELIEVED I MADE MY FORTUNE SELLING BIBLES.



**I WAS DRIVING HER TO CHURCH WHEN THEY FINALLY CAUGHT UP TO ME.**

## BEFORE PULLING OVER I CONFESSED EVERYTHING



# RAY and JOE - THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

**THE STORY: TO FACILITATE MOVING HIS DEAD FRIEND ABOUT, RAY PUTS ROLLERSKATES ON HIM AT A BAR, WHILE RAY IS IN THE MEN'S ROOM, A BAR FLY NAMED TILLIE WHEELS THE DEAD JOE TO HER HOTEL. RAY GOES TO RETRIEVE JOE - THE HOTEL CLERK ADMONISHES HIM TO USE A HANDKERCHIEF WHEN TOUCHING HER DOOR-KNOB BECAUSE OF HER "HERPES 5X" INFECTION.**



**RAY BURSTS INTO TILLIE'S ROOM!** SAY! YOU GOT STAND BACK, YA WHORE! I'M TAKIN' MY FRIEND OUTTA HERE!



WHAT'S THE IDEA TRYIN' TO TAKE OFF HIS ROLLERSKATES, LADY? HE ASKED ME TO, SO I WAS HELPING HIM - BESIDES, WHAT'S IT TO YOU, MR. BUTTINSKI?

HE DIDN'T ASK YA NOTHIN', LADY - HE'S BEEN DEAD SINCE SEPTEMBER OF 1982!



...IS THAT YOUR THING, LADY, DEAD GUYS? THAT YOUR IDEA OF KINKY SEX-IN-BED WITH DEAD GUYS?



C'MON, JOE, I'LL TIE YOUR SKATE STRAPS AND WE'LL GET OUTTA HERE - I DON'T LIKE "SICKIES." ESPECIALLY WOMEN "SICKIES"!



...IF HE'S DEAD, WHY AIN'T HE IN A FUNERAL PARLOR OR BURIED OR SOMETHING, AND WHY IS HE WEARING ROLLERSKATES?



...AND YOU GOT THAT HERPES 5X - THE KIND THAT - OH, NO! I TOUCHED THE DOORKNOB!

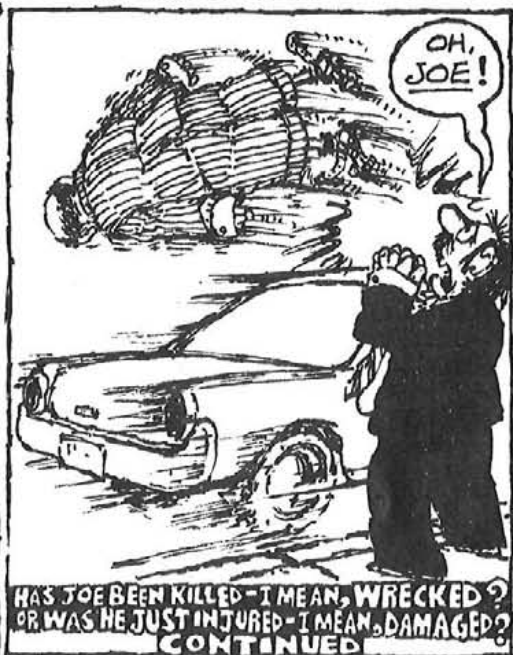


IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK, MR. WISE ASS - I GOT IT DOING VOLUNTEER WORK AT THE HOSPITAL!

...LET'S GO, JOE. WE BOTH GOT EXPOSED TO HER HERPES 5X. I HOPE WE DON'T GET IT.



...FROM NOW ON, JOE, I AIN'T GONNA LET YOU OUTTA MY - WHAT THE?... JOE, LOOK OUT, HERE COMES A CAR!



**THE NOTE: SEE HOW THE HERPES 5X HAS EATEN AWAY THE BALL BEARINGS OF JOE'S ROLLERSKATES!**

HAS JOE BEEN KILLED - I MEAN, WRECKED? OR WAS HE JUST INJURED - I MEAN, DAMAGED? **CONTINUED**



*Mini Ponds*  
**Famous Waitress**  
 SCHOOL  
 TODAY'S LESSON  
 Memory Tricks

SOME RESTAURANTS REQUIRE THAT YOU TAKE ORDERS WITHOUT WRITING THEM DOWN.  
 OK, NOW REMEMBER, THIS IS A CLASS JOINT. NO FAIR WRITING DOWN ORDERS. YOU CAN HANDLE THAT, RIGHT?  
 S-S-SURE!

THIS CAN BE VERY, VERY DIFFICULT SOMETIMES.

I'D LIKE THAT WITHOUT ONIONS BUT WITH EXTRA CHEESE AND QUICK, I'M HUNGRY!  
 I'D LIKE MINE WELL-DONE BUT ON RYE AND NO SALAD EXTRA TURKEY INSTEAD, CUTIE!  
 I'D LIKE THE CREPES BUT WITH NO SOUR CREAM—DO YOU HAVE FARMER CHEESE? GOOD, I'LL HAVE THAT INSTEAD. I'LL NEED KETCHUP.

THIS IS WHY YOU NEED "MEMORY TRICKS" TO HELP YOU ON THE JOB. SOON IT WILL SEEM EFFORTLESS!

OMELET, X CHEESE NIX THE ONIONS, TURK SAN RYE, X TURK NO SAL, CREPE W/FARM CHEESE NO S.C. —WHEW!  
 UN-HUH

JUST MAKE SURE YOU DON'T REVEAL YOUR SECRETS TO THE CUSTOMERS....

LET'S SEE, YOU'RE THE CHEESY BASTARD WITH THE OMELET, TURKEY GETS TURKEY ON RYE, AND THE FAT OLD HICK GETS THE FARMER CHEESE CREPE WITH KETCHUP, FOR GOD'S SAKE, ANYTHING ELSE?

**Ohhhhh Mary's KITCHEN**  
 M. K. BROWN © 1983  
 WE'LL BE MAKING CHOCOLATE MOUSSE AS SOON AS THIS SHOW IS OVER.

DANIELLE!  
 YES?

THOUGH, I MUST SAY, THIS IS NOT MY FAVORITE PROGRAM

DANIELLE, YOU MUST TELL ME WHY DR. TANENBAUM GAVE YOU THAT KEY!

WHY DON'T YOU CALL HIM AT THE HOSPITAL AND FIND OUT?

HE'S PROBABLY IN THE CAFETERIA

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO DR. TANENBAUM! YES, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

HAVE HIM PAGED IN THE CAFETERIA

DR. TANENBAUM PAGING DR. TAN

RELAX, IT'S PROBABLY JUST AN EMERGENCY  
 HAHAAAA  
 HAAAAA  
 HAAAAA

OH, DARN

THAT'S YOU, LOUIS, TOO BAD.

NEXT MONTH: STRANGE ENCOUNTER



The grand covert mission of Xico "X," most expert spying operative of all of Mexico, is perilously menaced during his confinement by the Soviet Russian authorities.



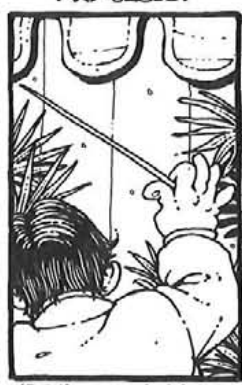
Xico "X" utilizes his expert skills of meretriciousness. This is the stuff you really want, man! My mother--five bucks.



Accordingly, the credulous cell mate includes Xico "X" in a foolproof escape plan to facilitate the inspecting of the mother of Xico "X," who has been slyly represented to be just outside, ready for sex.



Is it possible at last, following the long ordeal of Xico "X," that Mr. Subteraneo and his invaluable "merchandise" are finally at hand? Continued...







# King of the Castle

IN DAYS OF OLD  
WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD  
AND CONDOMS NOT INVENTED



"THE COLORS--THE BROWNS ARE SO MUCH BROWNER... AND THE SMELLS--THEY'RE INCREDIBLY SMELLY," SAYETH FRODO BONHOMME, THE ERGOT-CASUALTY SON OF PEASANTS JACQUES AND JILL BONHOMME. "YOUR SON TAKES ERGOT TO ESCAPE REALITY." THE EVIL BUT WISE MEDICINE-CRONE TELLS FRODO'S PARENTS. "HE'LL PROBABLY COME DOWN IN A MONTH OR SO."

PCP



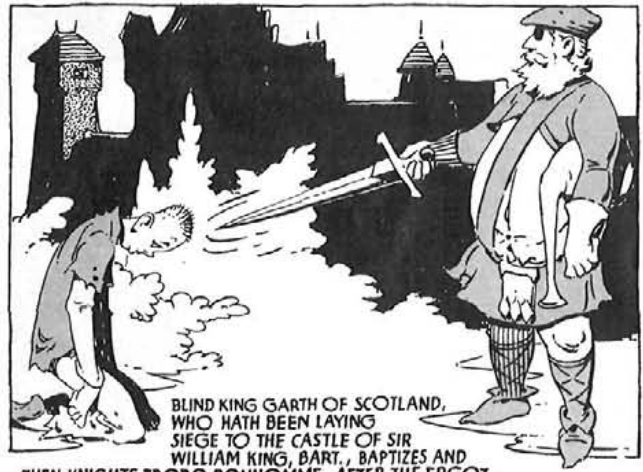
"TIME YE TILLED YOUR OWN PLOT OF LAND WITH YOUR OWN TWO HANDS." JACQUES BONHOMME TELLS HIS SON.



"I SHALL BECOME A KNIGHT!" SHOUTS FRODO. "JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE IF I DON'T!"



"OR MAYBE A BIG STONE! WHATEVER!"



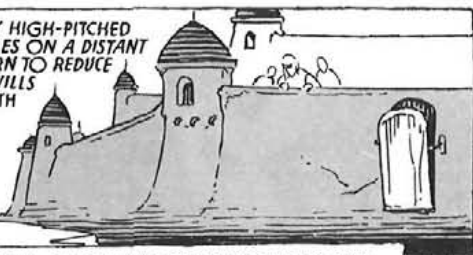
BLIND KING GARTH OF SCOTLAND, WHO HATH BEEN LAYING SIEGE TO THE CASTLE OF SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., BAPTIZES AND ADDED YOUTH AGREE TO ACCEPT CHRIST AS HIS PERSONAL SAVIOR. "TOGETHER, LADDIE, WE SHALL HUMBLE YON PRRROUD INFIDELS." VOWETH KING GARTH.



THAT SAME NIGHT, AFTER HAVING HIMSELF EATEN OF ERGOT PROVIDED BY FRODO, BLIND KING GARTH'S SIGHT IS RESTORED. "SAIRTAINLY ONLY A MIRACLE FROM ON HIGH ENABLES ME TO SEE YON GOLDEN OX CART LADEN WITH TWELVE-FOOT-TALL CHARTREUSE AN' BONNY SERAPHIM!" MURMURETH THE NEW-SIGHTED SCOTS MONARCH.



"I HA'E BEEN INSTRUCTED BY HIGH-PITCHED VOICES TO WANDER IN CIRCLES ON A DISTANT PLAIN! BUT I SHALL RETURN TO REDUCE YOUR CASTLE WHEN GOD WILLS IT, YE INFIDEL DOGS!" SAYETH BLIND KING GARTH AS HE LIFTETH HIS SIEGE. THOSE WITHIN ARE MUCH RELIEVED AT THE NEWS!



NEXT MONTH: THE ARRIVAL OF SAMUEL THE AMUSING

# TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor



IN THE CABIN OF DR. ROGERS, THE GROUP OF FRIENDS HAS GATHERED TO LISTEN TO THE DOCTOR'S SYMPHONIC RECORD COLLECTION, BUT DR. ROGERS SHOWS CONCERN OVER MAURICE'S NEW DOG, "FOAMY."

MAURICE, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR LITTLE FRIEND.

YOU MEAN 'BOU' FOAMY?

YES, I HAVE BAD NEWS.

I'M AFRAID FOAMY IS MAD.

'E'S NOT MAD.

NO, I MEAN RABID... CRAZY!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? SOMETHING'S WRONG - HE'S NOT NORMAL!

'E'S 'APPY, EH?

MAURICE, I'M SORRY, BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PUT FOAMY TO REST.

YOU MEAN...?

YES, I'M AFRAID IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

YOU MEAN LIKE OL' YELLER? OH DOCTOR! NOOOO!

THE NEXT MORNING A SAD GROUP SETS OUT TO DO THE DIRTY DEED.

DON'T WORRY, MAURICE. THIS IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

SNIFF!

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH ARRIVES.

DARN GUN IS JAMMED!

BIAM!

THE WILD SHOT NOT ONLY STARTLES THE GROUP, BUT A BEAR IS SPOOKED FROM THE BUSH IN A RAGING ATTACK ON DR. ROGERS!

GRRRRR...

GRRRRR...

SUDDENLY, FOAMY SPRINGS INTO ACTION, PLACING HIMSELF BETWEEN THE VICIOUS BEAST AND DR. ROGERS.

GRRRRR...

THE BEAR HALTS...

IN THE WILD, AN ANIMAL INSTINCTIVELY SENSES WHEN ANOTHER CREATURE IS CRAZED. FOAMY BARKS HIS WARNING...

MOOOOO...

THE BEAR FLEES IN FEAR, LEAVING FOAMY A HERO.

'E SAVE YOU, DOCTOR!

YES, HE DID, MAURICE. I GUESS I WAS WRONG.

FOAMY'S LIFE IS SPARED, BUT BEFORE LEAVING FOR HOME, THE FRIGHT OF THE MOMENT CAUSES THE GROUP TO PAUSE FOR RELIEF.

WE'LL KEEP FOAMY, MAURICE, BECAUSE OF WHAT HE DID, BUT...

... HE'S STILL NOT NORMAL.



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82)

Sirs:  
Something has been eating at me lately. It is this: Suppose everyone's skull ended right above his or her ears, and their brains were exposed? We'd all have to wear metal hats whether we wanted to or not. No one would have anything to say about it. There would be no personal freedom. America would be a virtual police state. Pretty chilling. Something to think about from the people at Getty.

Pat Harrington's Son  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:  
It's true we Aussies vomit up every can of Foster's we guzzle; and we realize all this spewin' might make us appear a mite crude. But it's all because of the bleedin' *gravity*, mate. As any fool who looks at a map can tell you, we're *upside down* all the time, and the bleedin' Foster'ses run right out of our gullet as soon as we pour 'em in. Only way we can beat the damn gravity is to walk on our *hands*, pour the Foster's down our bloomin' assholes, and then

flip right side up—which is wrong way to you—until the Foster's hits the old brain. Then we flip upside down again—right side up to you—which allows us to hold in the Foster's till we're bleedin' *smashed*. Plays bloomin' hell with the conversation, mate, but who wants to talk to a pissed Aussie, anyhow?

Will ("Big Wallaby") Roosters  
*Sydney, Australia*

Sirs:  
How many of you out there voted for John Anderson in 1980? Come on, admit it. Seven percent of you did, after all. And I bet you feel real proud of it now, don't you? The hell you do. Voting for a prune face who's about as famous today as Joe Pepitone. What a laugh. Ha ha ha.

Eugene McCarthy  
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

Sirs:  
Last month I took my dog Kiki to what I thought was a reputable pet school. Well, I was extremely dismayed to learn soon afterward that voluntary prayer was not part of their general policy. Not only that, but a course on evo-

lution was included in their curriculum. Needless to say, I have removed my Kiki from their influence.

Perhaps you could suggest a more suitable institution.

Barbara Cartland  
*Locked out of Buckingham Palace*

Sirs:  
If God is so great, why did he make people itch? What possible purpose can it serve? Having to scratch myself really gores my ox. I'm telling you.

Andy Rooney  
*World's Most Popular Comedian*

Sirs:  
Just for the record, it is not true that the salary I demanded for the last Bond film was equal to the GNP of Japan. That is utter nonsense. I've never worked for scale in my *life*.

Roger Moore  
*Beverly Hills, Calif.*

Sirs:  
This is to let you know that I now weigh a svelte 150 pounds. On the moon, that is.

Marlon Brando  
*"No man is an island but me"*



**THE ONLY CONDOM IN AMERICA WITH THE EXTRA PROTECTION OF A SPERMICIDE.**

Ramses Extra™ is the most revolutionary advance since the invention of the condom. Because it's the only one lubricated with a spermicide to neutralize sperm. Safely. Quickly. Without any mess.

No other condom gives you that extra contraception. Extra protection. Extra confidence.

Yet Ramses Extra is thin, strong, and very sensitive.

To find out just how sensitive it is, write for a trial sample. Send your name, address and 50¢ to cover postage and handling to P.O. Box 738 Dept. #B3, Riverton, New Jersey 08077.

Try Ramses Extra. You'll both be glad you did.

**RAMSES EXTRA™**  
EACH RAMSES EXTRA IS ELECTRONICALLY TESTED

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JUNE 1983 • NATIONAL LAMPOON 91

# WHO CARES?



Charles Bronson, actor and motorcyclist. *“Every weekend we can, the kids and I pack our motorcycles in the pickup*

*and head for the California hills. We enjoy the excitement and challenge of off-road riding. But we’re also aware of our responsibilities—to the land and whoever else might be using it. We stick to off-road parks and approved trails, use the right mufflers and ride safely. That way, everyone can have a great weekend.”*



**RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.**

MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC. 





# FOTO FUNNIES



THE BOURGEOIS SEES IN HIS WIFE A MERE INSTRUMENT OF PRODUCTION.



THE POINT IS TO DO AWAY WITH THE STATUS OF WOMEN AS MERE INSTRUMENTS OF PRODUCTION.



OUR BOURGEOIS, NOT CONTENT WITH HAVING THE WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE PROLETARIAT AT THEIR DISPOSAL, SEDUCE EACH OTHER'S WIVES.



BOURGEOIS MARRIAGE IS IN REALITY A SYSTEM OF WIVES IN COMMON.



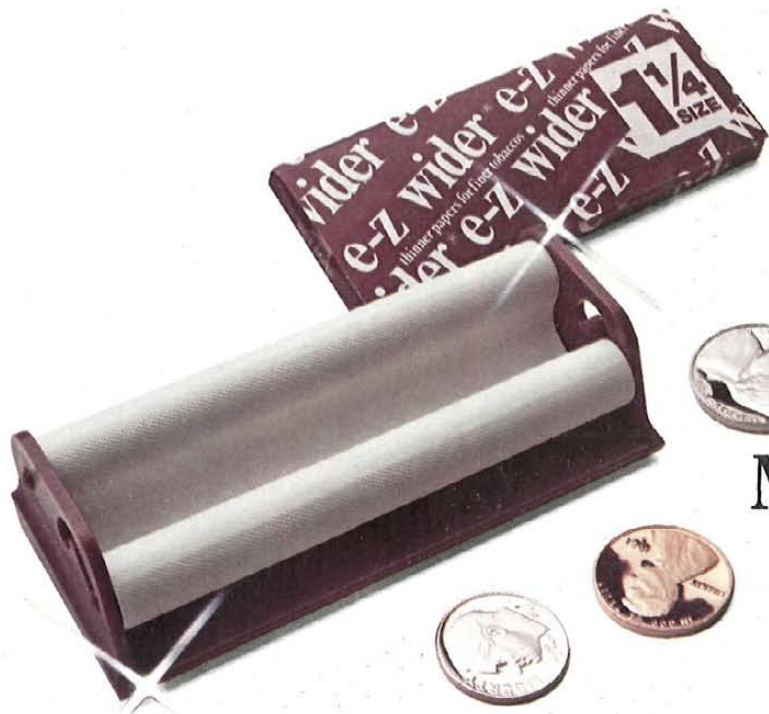
THE ABOLITION OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM MUST BRING WITH IT THE ABOLITION OF PROSTITUTION BOTH PUBLIC AND PRIVATE!



IS CLEVER PROPAGANDA, BORIS!

THANK YOU, COMRADE. AMERICANS WILL FALL FOR IT, FOR SURE!





# The Money Machine for Smokers... Three Bucks.

If you're smoking store-bought cigarettes, it's costing you as much as \$1.10 per pack today. If you're smoking 2 packs per day, it could be costing you almost \$800.00 per year.

Now there's an economical, intelligent and fashionable alternative to the high cost of commercial cigarettes.

And we're so sure that you will enjoy custom rolling your own smokes that we're making an incredible offer for a limited time only.

The e-z wider Cigarette Rolling Machine, *plus* a pack of e-z wider cigarette rolling papers, *plus* 50 filters... All for the unbelievably low price of only \$3.00.

The e-z wider Cigarette Rolling Machine is superbly engineered to make custom rolling easy and economical. It's small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, yet rugged enough to afford you years of hassle-free service.

e-z wider Cigarette Papers have been well known for years as the thinnest, lightest, highest quality natural rice papers available.

e-z wider Filters are available for you smokers who prefer filtered cigarettes. Packed in boxes of 50 units, these filters fit easily into the e-z wider machine.

The package is yours for only \$3.00. All you do is add your favorite brand of fresh tobacco.

**The Economics:** If you smoke two packs per day, you can cut over 1/3 of your per pack cost, which translates into savings of up to \$300.00 per year. That's enough for a vacation in the Bahamas.

**The Ease of Operation:** A custom-rolled cigarette takes about fifteen seconds to prepare with e-z wider.

**The Four Steps to a Perfect Cigarette:** 1. Open machine and pour tobacco in as desired. (Filter smokers, place filter in left end of rolling trough.) 2. Close machine and roll once. 3. Insert paper and roll twice. 4. Open machine and remove a perfect cigarette.

**The Taste:** Custom-rolled cigarettes taste fresher and better, while containing none of the chemicals and preservatives found in store-bought cigarettes.

**The Pleasure:** Most people tend to enjoy the ritual of custom rolling. They say "it's relaxing."

**The Status:** Custom rollers enjoy the feeling of being members of the



smart smokers avant-garde. Wouldn't you spend

\$3.00 to save up to \$300.00?

In today's economy it really makes sense to give custom rolling a try. We've done our part to make it easy and inexpensive. The next move is between you and the coupon. Just fill it out and send it back to us along with your check or money order (no cash) and we'll rush you your custom rolling kit. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

**Money Back Guarantee:** If within ten days of delivery you are not completely satisfied with your custom rolling kit, return the machine to us and your \$3.00 will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

**Due to the extraordinary value contained in this offer, we must restrict orders to one unit per customer. Sorry folks.**



Yes, I'm ready, willing and able to start rolling. So here's my three bucks. I understand that my money will be refunded if I'm not completely satisfied. Be quick about it, O.K.?

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I certify that I am at least 18 years of age.  
Mail to: Rizla Products, U.S., Inc.  
P.O. Box 1046 West Caldwell, NJ. 07007





## Which One of These Activities Won't Give You AIDS?

**A**IDS. IT'S THE TALK OF THE nation, from the art galleries of San Francisco to the wine bars of Key West. A panicked populace is starting to believe there's simply no way to keep from contracting this feared killer—yet the latest research says that by abstaining from a few common activities, you can hold onto your precious bodily health.

Can you spot the one way of not getting the dread Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome? If your entry is picked at random you may win a fine prize (where not prohibited by law) and live long enough to enjoy it.



THIS MONTH'S PRIZE is again the Audiovox AT-20 cordless telephone. The best and most expensive of all cordless telephones we tested, it has a range of seven hundred feet, works

with rotary and touch-tone systems, has a lockable handset, a redial feature, a page device, and several other FCC-approved qualities that make it worth winning. Remember you need no skill to win this contest, as the winners are picked at random. (Audiovox Corporation, which donates these prizes, is located at 150 Marcus Blvd., Hauppauge, N.Y. 11788, and does not necessarily approve of or even like this contest.)

THIS CONTEST VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW



1 Waving at Elton John



2 Eating Calvin Klein's handkerchief



3 Going bowling with Warren Beatty



4 Patting Dennis Hopper's dog



5 Shaking hands with New York City Mayor Ed Koch



6 Knocking Senator Patrick Moynihan's silly hat off

I KNOW HOW TO KEEP MY IMMUNE system from collapsing like an Italian coalition government. It's a matter of avoiding all the above activities but (circle one)

**1 2 3 4 5 6**

Send to: AIDS Alert  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

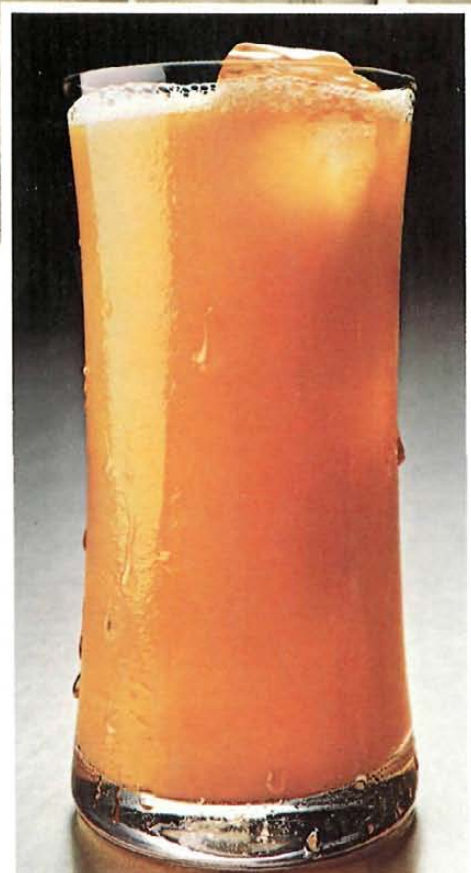
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



Jump up and down and squeal! Steve Sistrunk of Virginia Beach, Virginia, has won Contest #17 and copped the coveted Audiovox phone. "I'm no bozo," says Steve from poolside.



# "Puerto Rican white rum makes a much smoother screwdriver than gin or vodka."



**"In fact, our Puerto Rican rum makes any drink taste better."**

*Ivar Pietri, Investment Banker, and his wife Tey.*

It's happening all over — people drinking white rum in place of gin or vodka! With orange juice or tonic, in Bloody Marys, or on the rocks.

The reason? Smoothness. Rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least one full year, by law. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

**Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.**

Great rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder 86% of the rum sold in the United States comes from Puerto Rico.



**RUMS OF PUERTO RICO**

*Aged for smoothness and taste.*

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-1, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102 © 1983 Government of Puerto Rico.





For a 20" x 29" full-color poster of this ad, send \$3.00 check or money order payable to Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Dept. 5-D, One Busch Place, St. Louis, MO 63118. Allow 4-6 weeks. Offer expires December 31, 1983. Void where prohibited. BUDWEISER® • KING OF BEERS® • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS